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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

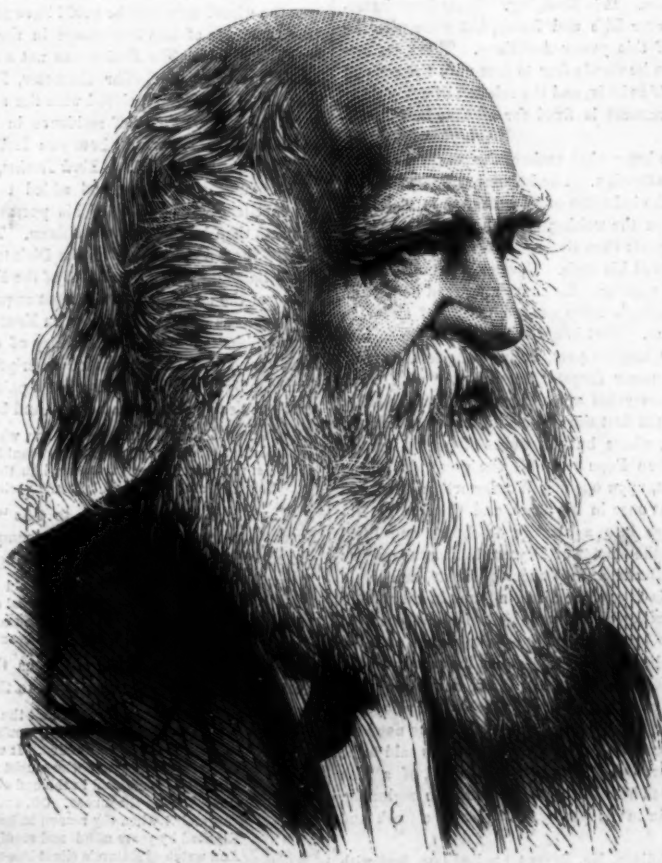
THE life of William Cullen Bryant covers what to me is the most interesting period in the history of American letters. We cannot be said to have had a literature when he was born (certainly nothing worthy of the name), and if we have one now, we owe whatever is of value therein to three or four writers, among whom he will always stand first. We were waiting for it, as the English were waiting for a new growth in their literature, and it came at last, though later to us than to them. The same seed blossomed in both countries, only it was native there, being first sown in "Percy's Reliques," while here it was transplanted at second hand from the pages of a new race of English poets, particularly Wordsworth. They returned to Nature in literature; we, who had no literature, discovered it in Nature. That both the English and ourselves have gone astray after other gods is certain, but all is not lost yet. Greek atheism will no more satisfy them forever, than the "barbaric yawp" of the rough will satisfy us.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at

Cummington, Massachusetts, on the 3d of November, 1794. He was happy in his parentage, his father, who was a physician, being a studious and thoughtful man, while his mother was a woman of

strong understanding. The infant poet is said to have been remarkable for an immense head, which was not pleasing in the sight of his

father, who ordered him to be ducked every morning in a spring near the house. He resisted the treatment, as what child of tender years would not? but to no purpose—he was predestined to be ducked. Whether the cold water arrested the cerebral development, we are not told, but it strengthened his frail physique, and made him a hardy little lad. He began early to write verses, a pursuit in which he was encouraged by his father, who directed him to what were then considered the best models, taught him the value of correctness of expression and condensation of statement, and pointed out the difference between true and false eloquence in verse. The father of Pope is said to have performed the same good offices for his rickety little son: "These be good rhymes, Alexander;" or the reverse, when his couplets were unfinished. Allibone states that Master Bryant's first effusions were translations from



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

some of the Latin poets, but, as these were written and printed in his tenth year, the account is scarcely credible. He began at ten years of age to write verses (says another authority), which were

printed in the Northampton newspaper of that day—the *Hampshire Gazette*.

When he was fourteen, he had verse enough on hand to make a little pamphlet-volume, which was published (we are not told where) in 1808. A second edition, corrected and enlarged, was brought out at Boston, in the ensuing year. It was entitled "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times, a Satire," and is described as being a reflection, in heroic measure, of the Anti-Jeffersonian Federalism of New England. "If the young bard," said the Aristarchus of the *Monthly Anthology*, for June, 1808—"if the young bard has received no assistance in the composition of this poem, he certainly bids fair, should he continue to cultivate his talents, to gain a respectable station on the Parnassian mount, and to reflect credit on the literature of his country." Besides the "Embargo," the volume contained an Ode to Connecticut, and a copy of verses entitled "Drought," written in his thirteenth year.

In 1810, the young poet entered Williams College, a sophomore, and remained two years. He is said to have distinguished himself greatly, and we can readily believe it. We can believe any thing of the youth who conceived "Thanatopsis." When this noble poem was written is variously stated; one account says in 1812, and another in 1813. It is of no great consequence, however, whether Bryant was eighteen or nineteen at the time; no other poet ever wrote so profound a poem at so early an age. In whatever light we consider it, "Thanatopsis" is without a parallel in the history of literature. The train of thought it awakens is the most universal with which the soul of man can be touched, belonging to no age and no clime, but to all climes and ages, and embracing all that pertains to him on earth. It is his life-hymn and his death-anthem. It is Mortality. Poets from immemorial time have brooded over Life and Death, but none with the seriousness and grandeur of this young American. There are moments in the life of man when he stands face to face with Nature, and sees her as she is, and himself as he is, and the relation of every thing in the Universe. Such a moment is fixed for all time in "Thanatopsis."

It would be interesting to know what authors the youthful student read with most avidity and attention. The influence of Pope is visible in "The Embargo," as the influence of Wordsworth is visible in "Thanatopsis." But between the writing of these poems—a space of four or five years—other poets than those named must have stimulated his thoughts, and colored his style. Cowper, we imagine, was one, and Akenside, perhaps, another. He may have read Scott, and Southey, and Coleridge, although there are no traces of either in any thing that he has written. That Wordsworth was more to him at this period than any other English poet, we have the testimony of the elder Dana: "I shall never forget," he writes, "with what feeling my friend Bryant, some years ago, described to me the effect upon him of his meeting for the first time with Wordsworth's ballads. He lived, when quite young, where but few works of poetry were to be had; at a period, too, when Pope was still the great idol of the Temple of Art. He said that, upon opening Wordsworth, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of Nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." Wordsworth may have been the master of Bryant, but it was only as Ramsay was the master of Burns, and Chaucer of Keats, and Keats himself of Tennyson. That is to say, the disciple found in the master a kindred spirit. The eyes with which Bryant looked on Nature were his own. Wordsworth never imparted to him "the vision and the faculty divine." It should be observed, also, that he was favorably situated in his youth; not like so many poets, in the heart of a great city, but in the quiet of the country, amid green fields and woods, in sight of rivers and mountains, and beneath a sky which was nowhere obstructed by man. The scenery around Cummington is said to be beautiful, and, immediately around the Bryant homestead, of a rich pastoral character. It haunted him like a passion from the beginning, and appeared again and again in his poetry, always with a fresh and added charm.

After leaving Williams College, Mr. Bryant studied law, first with Judge Howe, of Washington, and afterward with Mr. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. Admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1815, he practised one year at Plainfield, and then removed to Great Barrington, where, in 1821, he married Miss Frances Fairchild. Of this lady, who survived until within a few years, there are several graceful and touching memorials in the poetry of her husband. She was the ideal

celebrated in the poem beginning, "Oh, fairest of the rural maids;" and it is to her that "The Future Life" and "The Life that Is" are addressed. Whether Mr. Bryant was a successful lawyer, we are not told; but, as he lived at Great Barrington nine years in the practice of law, it is to be supposed that he was. However this may be, he still cultivated his poetry, which was now bringing him into notice. "Thanatopsis" was published in 1816 in the *North American Review*, though not precisely as we have it now, as was also the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood"—a study, from Nature, at Cummington, and the well-known lines "To a Waterfowl," which were written while he was studying his profession at Bridgewater.

The next four or five years of Mr. Bryant's life were comparatively unproductive; at least, we hear of nothing from his pen until 1821, when he delivered "The Ages" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. It was published there during the same year, at the suggestion of some of his friends, in a little volume, which contained, in addition to the three poems already mentioned, the pleasant pastoral, "Green River," previously contributed to Dana's "Idle Man." That law had by this time become distasteful to him, we gather from its concluding stanza:

"Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen."

In 1824 we find him writing for the *Literary Gazette*, a favorite weekly, published at Boston, and edited by Theophilus Parsons. His contributions to this journal were, "The Murdered Traveller," "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Forest Hymn," and the spirited lyric "March." The next year he removed to New York, and became one of the editors of the *New-York Review and Athenaeum Magazine*. It was the wisest step that he could have taken, although New York, at that time, was of less importance in the literary world than Boston or Philadelphia. The *Review* was not a success, so it was merged, in 1826, in a work of similar character, *The United States Review and Literary Gazette*, which closed with the second volume in September, 1827. Mr. Bryant's brief residence in New York had enlarged his circle of friends, among whom was Robert C. Sands, who was associated with him in the *New-York Review*, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Gulian C. Verplanck, and others, and added to his popularity as a writer, the excellence and variety of his poems embracing a wider range of subjects than he had hitherto chosen. The most noticeable of these were "The African Chief," "The Disinterred Warrior," "The Indian Girl's Lament," and "The Death of the Flowers." It is not too much to say of the last that it is the most exquisite poem of the kind in the language—as perfect, in its way, as Keats's "Ode to Autumn," which it resembles in grace and delicacy of conception, and surpasses in fidelity and picturesqueness of description. It is interesting, also, from the light which it sheds upon a painful incident in the life of the poet—the early death of a beloved and beautiful sister:

"In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely, should have a life so brief:
Yet not unnamed it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

There are other allusions to this "fair meek blossom" in Mr. Bryant's poems. The sonnet, "Consumption," was addressed to her; and she mingled with his solemn musings in "The Past":

"And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung.
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young."

The lines just quoted remind us that Mr. Bryant's "Hymn to Death" contains a touching tribute to the memory of his father.

"Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. This flattering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have

To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
Of death is over, and a happier life
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust."

If Mr. Bryant belonged to the class of poets who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and are never so happy as when miserable, I should not have quoted this; but as he belongs to the few who are strong enough to bear their sorrows in silence, I receive it as I would a sudden confession wrung from the soul of an uncommunicative friend.

The *United States Review* ceased, as we have seen, in 1827. Its editor seems to have foreseen its fate in advance, and provided for it; for, before it happened, he had become connected with the *Evening Post*. This was in 1826, from which time dates Mr. Bryant's connection with American journalism—a connection which he has never relinquished, and which, while it may have lessened his poetic productiveness, has undoubtedly added largely to his influence with his countrymen. The *Evening Post* had just completed the first quarter of a century of its existence, and stood then, as it does now, foremost among the journals of New York. Perhaps it was the foremost, all things considered. But, however this may be, it was a journal for which a gentleman could write. It was respectable and dignified, and it was able and sarcastic. The age of personalities, through which the American press is now passing, had not commenced. Editors were neither horsewhipped in the streets, nor deserved to be, and that impertinent cavedropper and babblers, the interviewer, was unknown. Happy age for editors—and readers!

The lives of editors, like the lives of most men of letters, are not very interesting to the world, whatever they may be to themselves and their friends. They are passed in a routine from which there is no escape, and, if they are now and then enlivened by warfare, it is not usually of the kind to attract the sympathy of indifferent spectators. For the most part, the life editorial is a waste of the brain, and a weariness of the flesh. That it has not proved so in Mr. Bryant's case is owing, no doubt, to his love of literature, an inherent and unconquerable love, which has never forsaken him, even in the busiest years of journalism. While still a young man, and we may suppose not an affluent one, for his first position on the *Evening Post* was that of assistant-editor, he wrote largely for *The Tulliman*, the entire contents of which were furnished by himself and his friends Sands and Verplanck. It was the best annual ever brought out in America, equal, it is said, to the best of the English annuals, which is not saying much of those of a later date, but is high praise as regards the earlier volumes to which even Scott did not disdain to contribute. Besides editing and writing for *The Tulliman*, which was published for three years (1827-'29-'30), Mr. Bryant furnished several papers for "Tales of the Glauber Spa," a collection of entertaining stories, the work of Sands, Verplanck, Paulding, Leggett, Miss Sedgwick, and himself. This was published in 1832, as was also the first collected edition of his poems. In 1834 he took a vacation from his editorial labors, and sailed with his family for Europe, leaving the *Evening Post* in charge of Leggett. He resided in Italy and Germany, which were not so overrun with travelling Americans as at present, and were all the more pleasant to a quiet family on that account. It was his intention to remain abroad three years, but the sudden illness of Leggett, which threatened to result disastrously to the *Evening Post*, compelled him to return in 1836.

In 1840 Mr. Bryant published a new collection of his poetical writings—"The Fountain, and other Poems," and, during the next year, visited the Southern States, and lived, for a time, in East Florida. "The White-Footed Deer, and other Poems," appeared in 1844. A year later, he visited England and Scotland for the first time. That the mother-land impressed him, we may be sure; yet it is worthy of remark that nothing which he saw there—no place which he visited, and no association it awakened—is recorded in his verse. We have Italian poems from him, or poems in which Italian localities are indicated, and we have, if not German poems, several spirited translations from German song. But we recall nothing, in his verse, of which England alone was the inspiration. Yet he was, and is, admired in the land of his fathers. A proof of this fact is contained in

the second volume of Beattie's "Life of Campbell." "I went with him one evening," says the writer (May 29, 1841), "to the opening of the Exhibition, in Suffolk Place. It had been arranged that he should read something, and he chose the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant. A deep silence followed; the audience crowded round him; but when he came to the closing paragraph, his admiration almost choked his voice: 'Nothing finer had ever been written!'"

The first illustrated edition of Mr. Bryant's poetical works was published in 1846, at Philadelphia. It was a creditable piece of artwork, considering the then condition of art in America—the designs being drawn by Leutze, an accomplished academician of the Düsseldorf school, who strove to make up in vigor and picturesqueness what he lacked in sentiment and feeling. A second illustrated edition was issued a few years later in New York. The illustrations were drawn on wood, many by Birket Foster, and the engraving and printing were done in England. This method of producing a fine edition of a favorite American writer would hardly suit a protectionist; but, then, Mr. Bryant is not a protectionist—as who is in literature? A new and complete edition of Mr. Bryant's poetical works has just been published by the Appletons—a dainty little quarto, with red lines round the pages, it is pleasant to look at, and delightful to read—a book to lie upon the table in winter, and to put in the pocket in summer—the popular edition of our greatest poet.

The last twenty-five years of Mr. Bryant's life have differed but little from those which preceded them. That is to say, they have been spent in journalism, diversified, now and then, by the publication of a new volume of poems, and by several journeys on the Continent. The result of these journeys has been given to the public in the shape of letters in the *Evening Post*, which letters have been collected in two or three volumes. Mr. Bryant's prose is admirable—a model of good English, simple, manly, felicitous. That its excellence has not been universally recognized, and—what generally follows recognition in this country—imitated, is owing to several circumstances: as that it originally appeared in the crowded columns of a daily journal; that the American's appetite for works of travel demands more stimulating food than Mr. Bryant has chosen to give it; and that his poetry has overshadowed every thing else that he has done. Few believe that a poet can write well in prose, and those who do, prefer his poetry to his prose. The preference is a just one, but it proves nothing, for literary history shows that a good poet is always a good prose-writer.

Mr. Bryant's latest labor—it is almost superfluous to state—has been a new translation of Homer. The task was worthy of him; for, though it has been performed many times, it has never been performed so well before. Scores have tried their hands at it, from Chapman down; but all have failed in some important particular—Pope, perhaps, most of all. Lord Derby's version of the "Iliad" was the best before Mr. Bryant's; it is second-best now, and will soon be as antiquated as Pope's, or Cowper's, or Chapman's. No English poet ever undertook and performed so great a task as this of Mr. Bryant's so late in life. It is like Homer himself singing in his old age.

Mr. Bryant's rank as a poet was determined so long ago, that criticism has nothing to do with it now. We may say it is too high, or too low, but we cannot change it. For my own part (if a young man may speak of an old man without immodesty), I place Mr. Bryant very high among the English poets. He has all the excellences of Wordsworth, and none of his defects. His thought is as large, and his language as imaginative, as Wordsworth's; his heart is larger, and his sympathies have a wider range. The first quality which strikes me in his poetry is imagination. What I mean by imagination will be made apparent, I hope, by a few passages, taken at random, from his writings. As this, from the "Hymn to the North Star:"

"Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High toward the starlit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud."

Or this, from "The Past:"

"Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb."

Or this, from "Thanatopsis:"

"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

The largeness or gravity of Mr. Bryant's intellect leads him to brood over the phenomena of human life. He cannot walk the streets without meditating upon the men and women who are surging around him, and sharing, in thought, their joys and sorrows and destiny. We come upon him in his solitary rambles in the woods and fields. He sees us where other eyes would see nothing, or, at most, the scenery of our great theatre—the earth. He sees that, however, as no living poet does—blending the knowledge of the naturalist with the insight of the poet. No English poet surpasses him in knowledge of Nature, and few are his equals. He is better than Cowper or Thomson in their special walk of poetry; better, in some respects, I think, than Wordsworth. When he paints a landscape we see it all, from the twinkle of light on the leaves and the weed beneath our feet to the ring of the horizon and the illimitable sky above. No lover of Nature can read Mr. Bryant's poetry without wonder and admiration—wonder at the closeness of his observation, and admiration of what he accomplishes by it. Nothing, that a poetical artist should see, escapes him. And how clearly he presents every thing—with what fidelity and beauty, and what wealth of imagination!

Reverence is not an American virtue; least of all, reverence of literary men. We occasionally conquer our indifference toward them, and are none the worse for it. We did so, when Mr. Bryant completed his seventieth year, and honored ourselves and him by celebrating the event at the Century Club in New York. It was a notable gathering. Speeches were made, of course, and poems were read—some of them very badly. Mr. Whittier, who was not present, bore off the palm. Here is what he wrote:

"BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

- "We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song:
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.
- "Not for the eye familiar grown
With charms to common sight denied—
The marvellous gift he shares alone
With him who walked on Rydal-side:
- "Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;
We speak his praise who wears to-day
The glory of his seventy years
- "When Peace brings freedom in her train,
Let happy lips his songs rehearse;
His life is now his noblest strain,
His manhood better than his verse!
- "Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the man.
- "So be it! let the garlands die,
The singer's wrath, the painter's meed,
Let our names perish, if thereby
Our country may be saved and freed!"

R. H. STODDARD.

KÖRNER'S ROMANCE.

ONE of the most prosperous shops of its kind in the city was that of Jacob Körner.

He was a dealer in discarded ropes, broken iron, glass, copper, liquor-stills, white and colored paper, linen, cotton, and woollen rags, handleless tools, anchors, lead-pipe, boilers, riggers' blocks, and all the trumpery which once was new; and he manipulated their values so shrewdly and honestly, that fifteen years of labor produced him a competence.

Although keeping strictly within the confines of his business, he worked it thoroughly in all its ramifications; and, having early cut himself loose from his neighbors, by seizing and holding their specialties in his own hands, he at length became rich.

He had a score of well-trained collectors, who were instructed to be, like their master, upright and careful; and they heeded their lesson so perfectly well, that it was a matter of wide notoriety that Körner was never arrested for receiving forbidden goods.

His customers, the principal founders, paper-makers, ship-furnishers, and plumbers, were of the class which required the very best material. His shop was large, neat, well stored, well lighted, and painted on the outside. He had account with three banks. He had a canary-bird in a second-hand cage in his counting-room. His clerk had a large family, and, therefore, a large salary; but, what proved the most, was his steady employment of the famous Meg, Mog, and Peg, the three best rag-sorters in the city, if not in the country.

No person, not even his clerk, or the chore-woman who made up his bed, and kept his chamber in the rear of the shop in order, knew much about him; and, what they did know and gossiped about, only convinced the outside public that Körner was, in some respects, a mystery.

He was a slight man of middle stature, and habitually wore a long, brown, threadbare coat, tight about the chest and waist, but with wide skirts, in the pockets of which he usually carried his hands. He also wore a tall black hat, white at the edges of the narrow rim, and which was always crowded well over the nape of his neck. His trousers were rolled up above the ankles, showing a pair of woollen stockings, a pair of old-fashioned buckle shoes, which enclosed a pair of remarkably small feet. These last he was inordinately fond of showing, and he probably contracted the habit of carrying his hands in his pockets to prevent comparison, as they were coarse and horny from the hard labor of many years. His face was florid and wrinkled, his nose prominent, his chin square; he wore side-whiskers trimmed close and brought to the corners of his mouth. His hair was gray, and thick enough to make a background to his features.

He was singularly uncommunicative, and his business transactions were conducted in language which was rather disagreeable; terse; and, as he was rarely known to speak of any thing else, the information regarding him, in possession of curious people, was very small and unsatisfactory.

The one point, however, about which they occasionally obtained some scraps of intelligence, was in respect to Körner's attainments. The idea had somehow got abroad that he had been a professor in some German university, which probably arose from the fact that a book-shelf over the fireplace of his chamber held many badly-used text-books in the language of his country, and that a box, containing a carefully-preserved, highly-ornamented flute, was among his possessions. Besides these, he had an enormous pipe hung with green tassels, and a print of Heidelberg tacked to the wall.

It was well known, too, that his sorters were ordered to bring him all books before distributing them among the waste, and that from these, thus laid before him, he had accumulated his library.

On a certain day in midwinter, and as was afterward recollected by his clerk, a day following one on which he had increased his number of books by the usual means, Körner showed some singular symptoms of abstraction from business matters. They consisted of the merest trifles; but any breach, however small, in the habits of the man, was properly regarded with some solicitude by those dependent upon him.

The clerk kept his own anxious counsel until he was spontaneously interrogated by the chore-woman, who in turn had been questioned by the furies in the loft, who had been spurred up to declaring themselves by the wondering looks and remarks of the collectors.

Each party contributed their quota of incidents, and the budget, when laid before the clerk, and coupled with his own, left no reasonable doubt in his mind that Körner was fast breaking up. Two days passed, and the fever of painful curiosity on the part of Körner's people, so far from being allayed, became enhanced with every hour. New evidences of imbecility were constantly turning up; but, what made the matter particularly confusing, there seemed to be no method in his eccentricity. He ordered the feed for the collectors' horses to be reduced, at the same time presenting the sorters with a canvas apron and bit combined. He savagely discharged one man because

On the third night he failed to accomplish this at as early an hour as on the two previous ones, in consequence of a haggling customer, and finally, in his impatience, he turned him out. Having done this, he groped his nightly round among the dusty bins and heaps of rubbish, in order to be convinced that no prowler had hid himself, and, becoming satisfied, picked his stumbling way over chains, anchors, coils of rope, and piles of rusty iron, to his chamber at the back.

He fastened the door upon entering, and deposited his candle upon a table in front of the fire, which he at once attacked with a huge bar

of iron, and on which he heaped the fuel with a free hand. This done, he mopped his hands on the skirts of his coat, and set about getting his supper. A cupboard, screwed to the wall, served as his larder and dresser, and from which he took a German sausage, a Swiss cheese, a jug of stale beer, a loaf of bread, and his usual table equipment.

These he arranged, somewhat awkwardly, on the table, and then inspected the room as he had the shop, stopping, on the way, before his book-rack, which he contemplated with an appearance of satisfaction. He then entered upon the only bit of cooking he required, which consisted of toasting his



"She grasped it from his hand, and, throwing herself on her knees before the fire, opened it toward the blaze."

bread. He neither removed his hat or brown coat, nor performed any ablution whatever in preparation for his coming meal, but seemed perfectly content to eat it as he was.

He leaned himself against the mantel, or what took its place, and held his toasting-fork over the coals. For some minutes he remained perfectly grave and silent, making no movement but that required to examine how well his toasting was getting along. From time to time he changed hands, as the fire scorched them, and drew his face back from the heat. Soon he appeared to become rather abstracted and thoughtful, and allowed the bread to char without making an attempt to rescue it. For a while his features kept their usual uncompromising

he was unable to say where he purchased a certain quantity of rubbish, though he remembered all the rest, and he increased the pay of the others who recollected nothing. He would not permit a sale of old metal to a Protestant firm of bell-founders, but surrendered the lot, under the market-price, to a company of Jews. He forbade the chore-woman to disturb him after the closing of the shop for the night, but declared he would henceforth cook his own supper. This was looked upon as surmounting all the rest, and was bitterly regretted by the woman, who thus saw her only opportunity for coquetting swept away forever. The watchman who patrolled

the neighboring wharves and streets also testified that something must all Körner, as latterly he had missed the sounds of the evening flute, which, from time out of memory, had tooted its notes over the black docks and water far into the late hours of the night.

These few points, together with numberless other trifles, settled a deep conviction on all that something was going on, but beyond this none were able to penetrate. Körner kept closer within himself, was more morose and thoughtful, harsher and more abrupt in his manner, and evinced a desire to close the shop at the earliest moment consistent with a proper regard for business, and to bundle his people off as soon as possible.

expression, and his eyes closed partly as if he were in the midst of a perplexity; but presently the muscles of his mouth began to pull, his eyes to open again, his lips to part, and the inscrutable Körner broke into a clear and undoubted peal of laughter, and showed, in the process, a set of beautiful teeth, which transformed his face, for the instant, into that of a gentleman, in spite of the shabby hat, the shabby coat, and the dismal surroundings. His laugh ended in a high-pitched, prolonged cry, a half yawn and half scream of satisfaction, but which was abruptly brought to a termination on beholding his bread in flames. He stamped it out on the hearth, and, concluding that he had quite enough already, put his toaster on the mantel, and, again mopping his hands on his coat, looked with a pleased expectation toward his book-rack.

He approached it, and carefully took a volume from among a number of others, and, returning, laid it upon the table. He seated himself, opened the book at a mark, and, elevating the farther edge upon a salt-cellar, began luxuriously to eat and read at the same time.

He was very eager at it, munching as if he were hungry, and devouring the pages as if it were a book of secrets. He ignored the print entirely, and paid his attention to the margins, which were filled completely with a fine, plain writing, done with ink. It appeared to be in the form of a diary, entries being made under the dates of successive days up to the end of 1849.

Every word passed under Körner's eye, the interest often arising to such a pitch, that he reread twice and thrice, tracing the lines with a crust, and forgetting to swallow his food.

His emotions were various, and always intense. Sometimes he would repeat his peculiar laugh and yawn, sometimes he would swear roundly; but more often his face would gather an expression of fury which lasted longer. His anger did not become him, for his staring, devouring eyes, his distended cheeks and swollen throat, gave him an appearance which resembled wolfishness.

This, then, was the cause of Körner's strange behavior of the three previous days: he had happened upon a book which interested and disturbed him, and to the perusal of which his business seemed to be willingly neglected. This, the third evening, he read for an hour, and turned the last page with a tenfold interest and anger, which seemed to culminate as he approached the end of the book.

Körner, for the moment, was a singular-looking being. His face had the appearance of that of a half-strangled man. His rough hand trembled violently as he slowly guided the sight of his eyes along the lines, while each successive word increased his agitation until he breathed in gasps. His feet slid away on the floor as he endeavored to press himself closer, and his eyes protruded. His shabby hat and ragged coat-collar met at the back of his neck, giving his head something the appearance of a florid wedge of flesh.

Finally the page was exhausted, and his finger travelled off into the blank lower margin—he could read no more; and he threw himself back in his chair, and spent his anger in beating his hand upon the table.

While thus engaged, and making his chamber ring with his furious blows, a knock came at the outer door of the shop. "So, Otto von Arnheim," he cried, "my noble, chivalrous Otto, this was the method!"

The thundering knock came again, and this time Körner heard and heeded it. He listened, hesitated, but finally took his candle and left the room, first putting his book again into the rack. He picked his way to the door.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" He rarely had callers at this hour, and thought the chore-woman might have become impudent enough to disobey him.

"It is a lady; she wishes to speak to Jacob Körner," answered a man's voice. "Hurry, for it is cold standing here."

"That doesn't sound like a lady," persisted Körner, greatly surprised, but determined to be cautious.

"At all events, I am here, sir," responded a shrill voice, rather tartly. "We have knocked twice. I am Kathrina Müller."

Kathrina Müller! Körner nearly dropped his light, and turned extremely pale, and it was with difficulty he kept upright, for his knees trembled under him. He laid his hand upon the bolts, but it shook so that he only mastered them with the hardest work. He dallied purposely with the chains, in order to regain his breath and composure. He wondered why she came to him of all men, and if she

would know him after the twenty years of absence; what could her errand be? And if she neither knew him already, nor could recognize him, perhaps he could learn the whereabouts of Von Arnheim; if he could, would it not be providential? At any rate, it was wonderful that she should happen on him, in such a place, and in the midst of a city with nearly a million inhabitants.

Presently he opened the door, and a man with a coachman's coat came in, followed by a small, bent, hesitating woman, who wore a veil. As Körner closed the door, he saw a carriage standing in front of his shop. He showed the way to his chamber without a word, holding his candle over his head. The lady seated herself very near the fire, and, taking off her gloves, held her hands to the heat, while Körner, with his hands in his pockets, stood on the opposite side watching her.

She was much older than he, and her face was much more wrinkled, though it bore the ineffaceable stamp of gentility. She wore a velvet bonnet and a velvet cloak. The coachman stood back, but to him Körner paid not the slightest attention.

The lady glanced at Körner's singular shoes, and then raised her eyes to his imperturbable face. He saw the motion, and looked at the fire, but was soon much relieved to feel that her glance was withdrawn. He then resumed his close contemplation of her.

Kathrina Müller beyond a doubt!

"I have disturbed you while you were taking your supper," said the lady, with something like unusual respect.

Körner grumbled a denial.

"Ah, but I have," she answered, smiling, shaking her head, and glancing at Körner's table. "And so, if you will finish, I will warm and rest myself, and then I will tell you my errand."

Körner responded by moving nearer and inclining his head as if to listen better, but really to prevent too easy a scrutiny on her part.

A pause followed, in which he was motionless.

"How, obstinate, obstinate, obstinate! Indeed, it is quite refreshing from one of your class, for the dozens whom I have seen to-day were all so dreadfully obsequious that one would think that I came to bargain for their whole stock of dirty, dusty junk. One showed me mountains of frayed, water-rotted rope; another a loft full of torn, mildewed sails; another festoons of strained, rust-eaten chains; but you—you're quite a different person."

She laughed heartily to herself, and, though Körner perceived she had grown garrulous, he preferred to allow her to get at her subject as she chose. He, therefore, preserved his silence and position, and regarded the fire intently.

She came to it sooner than he expected.

"Yes, I am tired, exceedingly tired. I have been hunting, hunting since breakfast this morning. I have been where I never dared to set foot before. In such strange holes and corners. In sheds, tumble-down dens, wharves, cellars, and all—to what do you think!—to find a book. A stupid servant of mine sold it to a ragman with a lot of other odds and ends, but the poor thing did not know how precious it was to me, I suppose—no, she could not, for even I did not until it was lost. I have been in at nearly every place in the city, and this is the last I shall visit to-night. Now, Körner, tell me truly"—she pointed her finger at him, while her voice was painfully anxious—"tell me, have you bought this book from any of those people who drive carts about?"

She proceeded to describe it slowly and minutely, while Körner apparently listened.

"It is a German book, I think it is quarto size, with blue-paper covers. It was printed in Leipzig, in 1789, by Johann Jacob Gebauer. It is a history, or part of one, volume fifty. Stop! don't speak, please, let me say all before you declare you have not seen it; for, if you have it not, I shall begin to despair. It had in its wide margins a long, sweet story, and, though in some places it was very hard and bitter, yet I loved to read it. It was all—quite all—that could tell me of my poor, heart-broken Seibel, how they enticed her away from the wicked, plotting Bernstein—they thought it would make her happy after all—but no, no, she faded, like a rose parching in the heat, and died. Ah, what an error they made! I think—"

"Was it written and signed by Otto von Arnheim?" asked Körner, gruffly.

"Yes!" screamed madame, leaping to her feet, her faded eyes glistening with excitement. "Yes! yes! yes!"

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Körner slowly turned and approached the book-rack.

"If it has a story, would you tell it to me?"

"A thousand, thousand times, Körner!"

He took the book from the rack and returned.

She grasped it from his hand, and, throwing herself on her knees before the fire, opened it toward the blaze. In an instant her face was transformed with pleasure, grateful tears gathered, and her lips trembled.

"Ah, Körner, Körner!" she cried, looking over her shoulder with a glowing face, while he stood motionless and unmoved, "you have saved me from forgetting; but for you all might have faded, but now—now," she repeated, clasping the book in her arms, "Seibel's white face shall always be before me, and Otto, with his shrewdness and daring; and now I shall never, never lose my hate for that monster of monsters, that Jacob Bernstein!"

She arose and took her former seat, and, placing the book securely in her lap, drew her long cloak about her, her face gradually losing the expression of anger which her last recollection had excited.

Körner, with his hands deep in his pockets, was very patient for the story to begin, and he closed his jaws tightly as a man does who thinks he may have need to command himself.

"You are waiting for the tale, Körner? Well, let me think how much I shall tell; it must be short, for it is growing very late."

She placed her face in her hands for a moment or two, thinking how she might please him without overtasking herself.

"You heard me speak of Seibel? Yes. She was my beautiful daughter, with golden hair, and we lived in the University of —, at home, in dear old Germany; and her father was a professor of chemistry there. We had many happy times, for Seibel, with her laughing face, was a pet among the people. She gave picnics and feasts in the woods on the hills, where they sung, and danced, and spread their tables on the grass. They did this one day, a whole company, and were called away to see the farmers come from reaping. When they had gone by with their loads of grain, Seibel and her troupe ran back again, light-hearted and merry, but she did not dream she was running to destruction. They came suddenly upon two poor, hungry students who had stolen some of the food and were devouring it. One was an angel, the other was Satan. Otto von Arnheim was the first, and Jacob Bernstein was the second. Seibel, as all girls do, fell in love with the Satan.

"Both of them were pupils of Carl—he was my husband—and this Bernstein found he must better his position before he could marry Seibel, and (imagine this!) he studied his science industriously, so as to oust my husband from his chair, and to get it himself. He starved himself nearly to death, and, meanwhile, threw a glamour over wretched Seibel. She would follow him as if she were a dog. She would be happy in his shadow. She loved him more than she did her father, and plotted for him. He was very secret and austere, but Otto, also loving Seibel, exposed him to poor, weak Carl, who did nothing. Then there was a terrible quarrel, and Seibel put her hands within Bernstein's."

Madame stopped a moment, struggling with her tears, while Körner changed over to the other foot.

"But Otto persisted, and day by day he strove hard to turn Seibel back, and this book here tells me how he did it. It was a long, bitter struggle, but one day Seibel told Bernstein she could not see him. He furiously caught her face in his hands, and demanded if she loved him. She said, 'No.' Then he turned upon Otto and attacked him. They fought until our little garden was spoiled, the tulips trampled, and the hyacinths crushed. Bernstein thrust Otto through the shoulder, but Otto was quick to strike back, and, with a blow upon the head, which also severed his ear, he stretched him senseless and then fled."

"And so Seibel told an untruth?" said Körner, with interest.

"Ah, it was the speaking of that word to him that made her drop. He had entangled his hateful spirit too deeply with hers."

"And the angel, Otto von Arnheim, where is he?"

"He is here in America. He is professor of languages in a private college at Toronto. Should it reach the ears of Bernstein, I should fear and tremble, for I tell you, Körner, he became a hungry tiger when he found Otto had escaped."

Madame shuddered and drew her cloak over her face, as if to shut out a scene.

"Tell me more about this Bernstein, madame."

"I know nothing of him, Körner."

"But you can describe him."

"Yes. He was keen, clear-headed; he was not very handsome to any one but to my poor Seibel, but he was a powerful reasoner; his voice was startling, his utterance intense and graceful; his manner was like that of this American—this Burr. He was suave and insidious; he slid into our happy household and ruined it. Bernstein," she added, with a look of horror dilating her eyes—"Bernstein was an atheist!"

Körner elevated his eyebrows a little.

"Was that so terrible, madame?"

"Terrible!" cried she, leaping to her feet, with outstretched hands and frenzied face, while her precious book fell to the floor with a crash. "Terrible? Terrible to believe that a heap of flesh and brains can generate, control, and kill a soul!"

Körner felt a little uneasy, for he was profoundly struck with the exhibition of an ardor and passion which could so beautify a face.

"But I meant, terrible to you?"

"O Körner, Körner! If you but only knew the agony he has made for me. He robbed me of Seibel, he stained her with his sophistries until she would laugh at my old-folk religion. He alone could make her face radiant. A caress from his hand was happiness. Otto by his bravery saved her soul, but, alas! he killed her body.—Poor, trusting angel! it was not Otto who was your murderer—it was Bernstein."

Madame again buried her face in her thin hands. After a pause, Körner asked another question.

"Where is he—this villain?"

"I cannot tell you, Körner, for I do not know," answered madame, through her sobs, "but I think I should like to meet him, to frighten him with the sorrow-stricken face I carry. Perhaps he could see the torturing misery, the spoiled hope, the ruins of a love that once was all but life. Alas, poor, poor, golden-haired Seibel!"

Körner gazed intently at the bowed and trembling head for a moment, as if he were trying to make up his mind.

"Madame," said he, presently, and stepping away that he might see her more easily—"madame, what would you think if you should find in his face traces of disaster more startling than those he could find in yours? Suppose this miserable Bernstein's features showed that all honorable spur to life was gone; that his ambition and energy were both scattered by a disappointment; suppose you should discover him, hidden out of the sight of his equals, groping along in some miserable pursuit with no companion but the gloomy, saddening thought, 'It might have been!'"

Madame raised her head, while Körner, with his hands still thrust in the pockets of his long coat, looked at her calmly.

"Supposing with doubled years his age was fourfold; suppose you should find him sunk into an almost hopeless apathy after years of fruitless search for his greatest enemy—could you then imagine a sweeter moment for him than that in which the covert of Otto von Arnheim is laid open—stop! when a written book is also put into his hand which displays the falsehoods by which his defeat was got? No, no, Kathrina Müller, nothing could be more delicious."

Körner burst into the second loud laugh which he had had for many a year.

Madame looked terrified, and, running to Körner, laid her trembling hand on his sleeve.

"Are you not deceiving me? Who are you?"

"I, madame?" cried Körner, loudly, at the same time thrusting one of his coarse hands into his hair and exposing an ear, the lobe of which only remained attached to the flesh—"I am Bernstein!"

On a midsummer Sabbath afternoon a heavy, slow-moving professor of languages walked out of the sombre court-yard of his prison-house into the happy sunshine, with his pipe and Goethe in his pockets.

His manner of making his long, lazy stride through the buttercups and grass, his thoughtful contemplation and awkward mounting of the stone-fences which lay in his way, his stout, white, swinging hands, his massive shoulders, his placid face, gentle eyes, and thin, straggling mustache, were all German, and he had a good, generous German paunch. Only such a man could feel to the tips of his fingers the beauties and glories of such a day. Fatherland never gave him a

bluer, deeper sky, a more fragrant breeze, a landscape more filling to his soul, or sweeter flowers. For him every thing had its song or pastoral; the droning hum of the insects, the warble of the birds, his grassy path, the beloved, pellucid river, his moss-grown resting-place, all gave their dreamy pensiveness, which to him, big but purest-hearted as he was, became a deep delight.

He lay in the shadow of a willow, far too happy and contented to be troubled with thinking, and in no proper mood to read, and too lazy to smoke. Back he floated, as he knew he should, to Germany, to another university, very different from the one over yonder among the trees; one where they had hard rubs to live; where they had *émules*, political clubs, and *Schläger* fights and duels; where they had songs, and beer, and damnable theologies; linenless wit and genius; mad, poetic betrothals; tasselled caps and yellow hair. Thence the transition to the fair-skinned Seibel was easy; the *rencontre* in the woods, the love of the crazy Bernstein, his own bitter secret, and all the rest of the sad, tragic reflections floated along and obscured the sunlight. The many intervening years had done little to dull his memory, and the old acrimony and stinging sorrow still held their smart, though daily conjured. To be sure, at such a distance of time no new thought or interpretation could be possible, but those that ever existed lived with a tenacity which could sadden his warm heart or soften his eyes at any hour.

As he lay thus, forgetting all in his absorption of the hated yet continually-recurring subject, Bernstein entered the glade at his back, and, stopping a moment, beheld his enemy's huge form with a smile and a gesture of pleasure. He was decently dressed; he wore a frock-coat of broadcloth, trousers of a light summer linen, well-fitting boots, and an ordinary hat. His face was rid of his ugly whiskers, and, under the influence of his new attire, he bore himself with a buoyancy not far from grace.

In place of his walking-stick, he carried under his arm a pair of ordinary fencing-foils, from which the buttons had been snapped. His nervous fingering of these betrayed lack of calmness, which could hardly be considered very creditable under the circumstances.

Presently he advanced softly over the turf until he reached a point some five feet from his object, who was as yet totally unaware of his presence.

Bernstein's features gradually assumed an expression of hateful malignity, a composite of intense dislike and anticipated triumph. For a moment he was silent, allowing his eyes to cover his enemy's form in the manner of one to whom delay was pleasant (as a cat's is). He then removed his hat with his left hand, and, seizing his foils at the points with his right, swung them from under his arm. He raised them until his hand was level with his breast, and thrust them forward; the steel bent and rasped, but attracted no attention from the dreamer. Bernstein, with a keener smile, bent forward with mock courtesy and dropped them lower and lower until both the handles struck his enemy's shoulder at the same time, but so lightly that he still remained undisturbed. He raised them a few inches, and then again lowered them by slow degrees as before. This time the blow was heavier, and had the desired effect. The head turned quickly about.

It comprehended the situation at once.

Bernstein stood motionless as a statue, with his keen eye fixed immovably on his adversary. His sarcastic smile, his sham civility and insulting obeisance, together with his unflinching hold upon his weapons, convinced his antagonist in a flash that no evasion was possible, even should he deem it politic to attempt it.

"Von Arnheim," said Bernstein, smoothly, "here I am, at last. Get up, take your choice of the weapons, and we will try once more to kill each other."

Von Arnheim turned away for a moment, a little pale in the face. He was too phlegmatic to appear startled at this sudden apparition, especially as it came while his thoughts were ready to receive it, from their occupation on matters not far remote. He quickly concluded to say nothing, but to fight first, though he felt that, with another man, words would not have been altogether useless. Therefore he slowly arose, and, without even a glance at Bernstein, took the foils from his hand and tried them separately on his foot. Then, with a bow, he returned one of them to Bernstein, who took it with the same polite inclination. Both began to divest themselves of such clothing as would impede them, flinging their coats, vests, hats, and linen shirts, into separate piles under the trees. The glade

lay athwart the sunlight, and so there was no choice of ground, the turf being perfectly level.

The old skill of the two men was evenly matched, and, though differing radically in style, their many conflicts for practice had educated each in the peculiarities of the other; and so there was absolutely no choice between them.

The meeting after so many years was particularly singular from the conduct of each. Bernstein was quiet, watchful, triumphant; Von Arnheim was depressed, but earnest and steady in his movements. But one exchange of words occurred; as Bernstein advanced, he said:

"I have no advantage over you; for, since I gave you that beautiful thrust through the shoulder, I have had no practice whatever."

"And I," returned Von Arnheim, "since you kindly permitted me to cut your head open, have not held a sword. Therefore, I have no advantage."

They advanced and saluted. Both were pale, and Bernstein's face was set and rigid, while Von Arnheim's was nearly expressionless. They crossed their weapons; the tiny jar of the rods electrified them. They appeared to become concentrated upon the single point of collision; their eyes began to burn and their faces to flush even before a thrust or feint was made. When Bernstein finally did it—and with a rapidity and force equal to his best—and when Von Arnheim, with a pace and a turn of his wrist, met his first thrust, then they became awakened. Von Arnheim, as of old, retreated in circles, but also was impregnable as of old; his huge form swayed and bent to evade, and straightened and lunged to make, an attack. His wrist was powerful and flexible, his arm free and graceful.

Bernstein was fiercer and more violent; his modes were various, and his changes instantaneous. Von Arnheim would find himself engaged, released, and engaged again, in a breath; while his own onslaughts, powerful and sudden as they were, found an ever-ready ringing barrier of steel to oppose them. Each tried over and over again the plans and tricks of former days; but each found the remedy had also lived.

A few moments of exhausting fighting found both without a wound, and they separated by common consent to recover their breath and strength. They were equally weakened; but Bernstein, being the smaller, regained the greater quantity of vigor in the interval which etiquette allowed for rest.

Bernstein was now the most enraged of the two, and he renewed the contest with a savage eye. He rushed upon Von Arnheim with fury, taking some frightful risks to get over his guard, but with no success whatever.

Von Arnheim made but few attacks, but contented himself with parrying, ever retreating in regular spaces. Bernstein wrongly ascribed this defence to inability to do otherwise, and therefore pressed with renewed ardor, his anger increasing with each skillful ward on the part of his antagonist.

Von Arnheim got his second wind first, and plodded sturdily about, his stout, heavy arms doubling and balancing with a languor which of itself exasperated Bernstein beyond endurance. He gathered himself for still another effort, wishing devoutly to make it final. He suddenly sprang from the beaten path in which Von Arnheim was leading and had led him many times, and attacked him desperately with his back turned toward the centre of the glade, thus holding his opponent at bay. So fierce was his movement that Von Arnheim was unable to hold his ground for the moment, and he retreated, notwithstanding his own anger at Bernstein's unmanly manoeuvre. At his back was a growth of bush and underbrush, rising to his knees, interspersed here and there with half-grown trees. Into this horrible ground he was forced, and was about to turn and give his enemy a full taste of his skill, when Bernstein made a powerful, furious lunge *à carte*. Von Arnheim caught it firmly, and passed it by at a considerable angle; and the foil struck and pierced a birch sapling, entering midway to the hilt.

Von Arnheim, seeing what had happened, dropped his point, and, after watching Bernstein's maddened efforts to withdraw his weapon from the bending, warping wood, passed him and strolled to the centre of the glade, more than half inclined to laugh outright. Bernstein's efforts were ludicrous; he wrenched and twisted with all his might, his face scarlet with shame and rage, and his body twisting with contortions so violent that he often dragged himself from his feet, or dashed his

limbs against the adjacent trees. The blow he had struck at Von Arnheim had been a very forcible one, and the powerful guard required to turn it had caused the steel to bend considerably, and to thus fix itself so strongly among the green fibres that even Bernstein's trebled exertions failed to remove it.

After some minutes, he discovered how useless his endeavors were, and, in spite of his haste, would have deliberately whittled the wood away with his penknife in his desire to finish matters with Von Arnheim, had he not accidentally looked at him, and discovered him in a fit of laughter.

This fired him beyond endurance, and, forgetting his sword, he leaped back into the glade with burning eyes. He hesitated a moment, and then blindly plunged toward Von Arnheim, bent on throttling him.

Von Arnheim instantly presented his sword, and cried out to him to stop; but on he came with his flaming face and glittering teeth. Von Arnheim again retreated, and again warned him, but to no purpose; and he therefore quickly eluded his grasp, and fixed his sword slightly in his shoulder.

The pain was severe and checked Bernstein on the spot, and brought a revulsion to his overstrained system. It was with difficulty that he kept his feet; for his energy, once broken, left him weak and nerveless. His head fell forward on his breast, which heaved like bellows, and his arms fell languid to his sides. His wound was superficial, but the few drops of bright blood which flowed from it contrasted strongly with his dishevelled and haggard appearance.

Von Arnheim felt the time was now come to speak, and that he could do so with a good grace even in the eyes of his enemy, who he knew was minutely scrupulous in his ideas of bravery. He waited a moment to collect his thoughts, resting his foil on a bit of wood, and leaning upon it a little. He was calm, and his voice, though clear and distinct, was not without a faint shadow of distress:

"Had you killed me, Bernstein, should you have considered poor Seibel's death expiated? Would a blind, rash, unquestioning sword-thrust have made me quit of your account?"

For a moment Bernstein was silent, struggling against his weakness, and endeavoring to utter the words which flew to his lips.

"The thrust I shall make," he cried, gaspingly, "when I can get my sword, shall be a recompense. What do you mean by 'blind' and 'unquestioning'? I know all—every thing."

Von Arnheim's face flushed, and he stammered:

"And still you thought yourself free to fight me without a word?"

Bernstein looked at him with unutterable scorn.

"You ask that question and still be the author of Kathrina Müller's book—that precious libel upon me, where you describe, thought by thought and act by act, the mode by which you tried to break my heart, and did break Seibel's?"

"Have you read that?"

"Every wretched, falsifying word. I know your progress from the very day you seized upon my foolish, boyish atheism as a pretext, until you consummated your design by separating us. Had you a hate for my principles, had you fought me with manliness, saying to yourself, 'Thou art an enemy to Seibel,' then—then I could not detest you. But to do it all for jealousy—because her bright smile was for me and not for you, because she chose the poorest and worst-favored of us—to ruin me for that, is to deserve a thousand such punishments as my foil can give you!"

"Hush, Bernstein!" cried Von Arnheim, painfully. "You do not know—you do not understand—there is something yet."

Bernstein was quite exhausted, and could hardly hold himself erect for weakness; yet he still managed to speak.

"Yes, Von Arnheim, after we have settled your responsibility for two lives wrecked and wasted, we will then settle for a death—a lingering, wasting torture, a gradually-dimming eye, a paling, burning cheek—"

"Stop, for Heaven's sake!" cried Von Arnheim, with a gesture of horror. "I implore you to hear me!"

"Let me have my sword."

"Stand where you are. You say my motive in separating you from Seibel was jealousy—I solemnly declare, Bernstein, that I had none."

This merely provoked a stare of bitter incredulity from Bernstein's half-closed eyes.

"Listen. My motive was this: Seibel was all to me; her happiness was mine. Her religion, her faith, her love of God, were deeper, much deeper, than her love for you; but I knew your power of argument and persuasion. I said that to marry you was to surrender God; I implored her to revolt against your damning influence, and throw you off. I also saw your scheme against poor Müller would bring misery to all; for that, again, I was an enemy. My right to intrigue and to overthrow you for this was because he was my father. My right to protect Seibel from a life-long agony was, not because I was a rival of yours, but an unknown, shame-born brother of hers."

Von Arnheim's voice sunk to a whisper, and his head fell upon his breast. Bernstein, shocked and half fainting, dragged himself nearer that he might hear better.

"I am the son of Carl and Kathrina Müller. They put me away, as, I suppose, was proper for them to do. I grew up out of their sight, and then looked to him to instruct me. He did so; but she did not know me, and to her I am Otto von Arnheim, a lover of Seibel's, and a savior of her husband. To you, Bernstein, I was an honest enemy; I understood you honestly, I opposed you honestly, and I have fought you honestly."

"And Seibel died."

"She faded away, Bernstein," said Von Arnheim, slowly, "in the place where she often whispered to me her life began, where she first saw you, hungry and needy, in the glade in the woods near Heidelberg. Her last word was 'Bernstein,' her arms stretched out at your vision, and she lies where you stood. Poor, poor Seibel!"

For a moment there was an utter silence, unbroken by a movement or word, or scarcely a breath. Recrimination was at an end; both were harnessed evenly, and each felt the powerful, sad seduction of a memory surpassing even a sense of mutual responsibility.

Von Arnheim then turned, and, releasing his foil from the bit of wood, plunged it into the earth to the hilt, and with a quick turn of his wrist snapped the handle from the blade. He arose, and with little motion flung it far into the woods, among the branches and leaves.

He then turned toward his enemy, who approached him by a step or two; he drew back and put his hands behind him, with a smile and slight movement of his head.

It was full of meaning, and sufficient.

They looked at each other for an instant with beaming eyes, and then turned slowly away, raising their hands:

"Adieu—adieu, Bernstein!"

"Adieu, Von Arnheim!"

CROQUET.

THE shadow-dappled sward its verdure stretches,
From borders red with fuchsia's ruby shower,
Smooth to the sturdy boles of spreading beeches,
Whose lofty crowns the velvet floor embower.

Gay groups are marshalled there in masque of battle,
That waxen eager as the fray goes on;
Stroke follows stroke, and laughter's ringing rattle
Flies with the rainbow-balls along the lawn.

Yon graceful girl, equipped with glistening mallet,
Stoops to her ball, and deals a dainty blow;
Flutters, in pretty doubt, lest harm befall it,
Then through the arch with triumph sees it go;

Or, glancing from the line with misdirection,
Her mallet blames, because its blow went ill;
As graver failures, oft with less reflection,
Men charge to means and not to lack of skill.

Behold her now, as with a happy roquet,
She clicks the hapless ball of some fair foe;
With pretty spite, and deftly-rendered croquet,
She sends the whirling sphere where fuchsias blow.

Then eager braves swell in acclamation,
And rainbow-ribbons mimic waving flags;

While luckless hits chill party animation,
And to dull silence the bright battle lags.

And keener strifes upon the lawn are waging,
Than this where painted balls and mallets fly;
For eyes and lips are covertly engaging,
Beneath the trees—in Love's arch-coquetry;

Or deadlier blows some cruel eyes are dealing,
On quick rebounding heart that thorough thrills,
And this fond by-play, quite beyond concealing,
Some turn neglected, of the game, reveals.

I marvel not that, under shadowing beeches,
Grave men and strong with lovely maids resort,
The *outs* can roquet hearts with flattering speeches,
While eager *ins* pursue the overt sport.

And when, with shouts, the last ball gains the station,
And one side wins the well-contested game,
Some happier losers find sweet compensation
In playing croquet with another name.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

BONN AND BEETHOVEN.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BEETHOVEN, ON THE RHINE.

Bonn, August 22, 1871.

THE place of a great man's birth may be, and in fact oftenest is, the most insignificant in the world; but, if it has been in the least precious to the living heart of an illustrious man, it cannot be indifferent to the curiosity of any one who appreciates the sanctity of associations. The birthplace of Beethoven, however, is not insignificant; it is even interesting in itself, and Beethoven affectionately called it his "beloved Bonn." There are two houses in Bonn which bear the inscription, in gilt letters, of the birthplace of Beethoven. It is, however, now settled in which street he was born. The two houses are alike plain, and not far from the swift waters of the beautiful Rhine. Whether the life of the great dramatic romanticist of music started from the house in the Bonn Gasse, or the one in the Rhein Gasse, he must have met with much the same impressions; for they are but a few steps from each other.

One hundred years ago, Bonn was a luxurious and aristocratic town—the residence of opulent and worldly archbishops, and extravagant and licentious princes, who lived with a wantonness, a pride, a splendor, peculiar to the ruling class of Europe prior to the purging fury of the Revolution of 1789.

Bonn, during the youth of Beethoven, offered the usual contrast of the palatial splendor of the noble, and the dingy houses, narrow streets—without sidewalks—huddled poverty, and resigned servility of the people. It has changed since in aspect only in the uses to which its palaces have been put; and, instead of a palace full of nobles and courtesans and priests, it has a spacious university; and the elector's palace is now occupied by professors and an admirable collection of old bones, scientifically classified; a vast number of insects, fish, and reptiles, extraordinary and ordinary, in jars of spirits; and minerals and fossils enough to build a chapel.

The sombre and superb wood about the palace of the elector is now a venerable and spacious garden and park, under the trees of which Beethoven often walked. Here is even the very tree, grand and flourishing, in which he sat and composed one of his sonatas, hidden in the lapping silence of a million leaves, while the sunlight of summer was sprinkled flickeringly into the shady depth of his cool seat. Here, too, is an alley of horse-chestnut trees, three-quarters of a mile long, which leads up to the palace; and, doubtless, the twilight gloom of the long, broad avenue often lured the stormy and deep-meditating poet, and as often quieted the agitations of his nervous and mobile nature. The birthplace of Beethoven is full of the most poetic and varied influences, which naturally come from its situation and its monuments—influences which inevitably must have stirred the emotions of a meditative and solitary spirit; and Beethoven, from his boyhood, was preëminently meditative and solitary in his habits and disposition.

An hour's walk from the delightfully-situated Bonn carries you to

the quiet heights of an old convent of Jesuits, from which you can see the most smiling and prosperous country in the world, with the mighty Rhine curved like a silver bow, and sweeping in gurgling and hurrying floods past the last vineyard of the river, past the frowning Dragon's Rock of legendary fame, past the towered city itself, on to Cologne and the sea.

In Bonn, the cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century, yet remains, a noble monument of the old builders. It has a cloister of equal antiquity, under the stones of which lie the archbishops and bishops and electors of the town; it is an awfully silent and antique-looking place, into which the sunlight gets only scantily, falling between little old pillars with strange capitals and low arches, suggestive of patient, laborious, and inventive hands, long since folded in rest. Could a great poet's childhood have found a more antique and illustrious cradle than this old town? Could a great poet's boyhood have been passed under more romantic influences than rise around the steps of a citizen of Bonn, who walks, looks, and reflects? The university itself, which is now so important in the town, is prosaic and plain enough; but it has yet something of the palatial air of its former state, not wholly destroyed in remodelling it for modern uses. But here are the woods, the walks, the river, and, far off, the castle-crowned hills, the cathedral-towers, the cathedral-cloister, the cathedral-calm of an antique German town; and here Beethoven passed his childhood and boyhood; here, now, is his colossal bronze statue, in front of the cathedral; and here a part of the world is flocking to enjoy the festival in honor of the centennial of his birth, which should have been celebrated last year, but was postponed on account of the war.

Bonn is fairly overbrimming with Beethovenism. The worship of the great man is apparent in the thousand duplicates of his face, his figure; and the windows are crowded with his works. It is Beethoven's life, his love, his music; it is Beethoven's statue, portrait, photograph, lithograph, woodcut, and sketch, which confronts one at every step. And how did Beethoven look? Many of us have seen the stormy, giant face called Beethoven. A great man's traits are soon idealized and made into a typical face by art; but this result, which correctly expresses the *genius* of the man, often misleads us as to his actual appearance. The great Beethoven was a short, thick, big-headed man, with a mass of tangled hair that never seemed to have been under a comb, and his figure was not less striking and dogged-looking than old Dr. Johnson's. His handwriting is full of convulsive energy, expressive of the restlessness and impetuosity of the temperament of the man. It is not difficult for us to form a just idea of his appearance. A cast of his face was taken before death, and some one made a pen-and-ink sketch of him—his head in profile—and also a very precious sketch of his head and figure as he appeared when on the street. He carried his hat on the back of his head, and his hands behind his back. In this little note of the great man we see the prosaic or every-day aspect of the actual man, plainly enough capable of expanding or being expanded into a type of stormy energy and passion, leonine and mighty, to which no historic type can be compared. And how different from the bland youthfulness of Shakespeare's dome-like brow is the square and loaded and involved look of Beethoven's! How unlike to the hawk-face of Dante, and unlike the proud disdain of Goethe's! Beethoven and Molière seem to me to have the most human faces of any two great historic men.

Beethoven was the son of a drunkard, a precocious child, compelled to practise when his playmates were on the street or in the fields. His father wished to make a second Mozart of him, for Mozart had visited Bonn as a musical prodigy.

At nine years old, Beethoven played in public, and, when only twelve, he composed three sonatas. His artistic development is said to have been influenced "by Clementi, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart—and then he soared beyond them."

At fourteen he was appointed court-organist to Maximilian. The great event of his life was his visit to Vienna—the Mecca of music—to which he went when he was sixteen. Haydn, Gluck, Dittersdorf, Salieri, and Mozart, were living and creating there then; and there he met, for the first time, Mozart, who was at the summit of his power, working at his immortal "Don Juan." "The small *minstrel* had very little in common with the lion-headed youngster with the burning eyes. Beethoven was but a young and unknown *virtuoso*—Mozart an illustrious master."

Prodigiously gifted as Beethoven was in his art, he was deficient in capacity for common things. He could not make the simplest calcu-

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tion, and he spelt almost as badly as "the worst speller in Europe," who was also of German origin. As late as his visit to Vienna, he bought an arithmetic, but in vain—for one of the friends of his riper years observed that he had marked a great number of two's upon his window, just to reckon how much so many times two made. His literary taste was pure, and gratified only by the masterpieces of literature—Homer, Aristotle, Plutarch, Shakespeare, and Goethe, were his favorite authors. But he read the ancients only in translations, and likewise his favorite English books. He said of Plutarch that his writings had led him through many a soul-fight to the rest of resignation. His French was lame; the great composer had no aptitude for languages, but a mighty genius for the expression of his emotions and the combination of his ideas and impressions in music. His childhood was troubled and painful and laborious; his manhood was any thing but a placid experience, and he was so easily discomposed that he frequently changed his place of abode, and had several at the same time. He was often dependent, and on his death-bed received from his grateful admirers, in England, who had heard of his poverty, five hundred pounds.

In his life, too, woman holds a place second only to his art; but he never married. A supreme genius, and worshipped as such now by thousands of enthusiasts, during his life he inspired very ardent friendships, and as often broke away from the most intimate associates. When thirty-one, he fell in love with a young countess of sixteen: his letters to her have been published. He was loved in return, but the parents of the countess opposed the match, and, later, a girl of fourteen won his adoration; he was then thirty-six and deaf; but the young Viennese was his pupil, she was beautiful, she had "a temperament of fire and a head full of understanding." But she did not marry Beethoven. These are but a few of the facts which stirred the life of the great artist—a life profoundly agitated with moral passions. Owing to his heart-experience, he naturally surcharged his musical expression with the burden of his own sufferings and pleasures. The solitary, the eccentric, the impassioned man, gave to the world the echo of what all men feel and desire and possess and renounce; hence the fiery fantasy, the rioting melody, the surging movement, as of voluptuous floods, of his "Adelaide," his "Fidelio," and the sonata dedicated to the young Countess di Guicciardi. Happily and expressively his statue is adorned with four very beautiful bas-reliefs which symbolize the four muses—the muse of Fantasy, seated triumphantly upon the sphinx; the Symphonic muse, lightly floating with upturned and radiant face, surrounded by cherubs; the Religious muse is expressed by a figure like Raphael's St. Cecilia; the Dramatic muse, by a draped figure with a lyre and mask.

Beethoven composed about one hundred and fifty different pieces for instrumental music. Only a musician can become acquainted with all of his works, but no one ought to die without having heard his "Adelaide," his "Symphony in C minor," and his "Fidelio." His "Missa Solennis" must be heard many times—it is too grand and complicated to be enjoyed as one would enjoy the sound of a running brook in June.

For the last three days (20th, 21st, and 22d of August) the finest works of the great composer have been executed by one hundred violinists and a corresponding number of other instrumentalists, and an immense chorus; and for three hours at a time a delighted public have sat spellbound by the magic of the great tone-master. All sounds that can speak to the heart or to the intelligence of man, whether awe-stricken or delighted, feeling the majesty of his destiny and the mystery of his origin, and the agitations of his experience; listening to the processional pomp of the march of mighty armies; hearing the trampling of celestial feet upon the billowy clouds; the flutter of celestial wings; listening with painful expectancy to the far-off coming of exquisite sounds that seem to be breathed through the very courts of heaven, or that faint and fall through the long corridors of awful temples—sounds that come from triumph, or from the resignation and cloister-like stillness of old monasteries; forest-sounds and mountain-sounds—all that can be combined, multiplied, echoed, or repeated, in exquisite, tender, or sublime harmony—were brought out by the cunning of the admirable musicians assembled in honor of the centennial of the great Beethoven, who is justly compared with the greatest agitator and the greatest dramatic passionist of the world—with Luther and Shakespeare.

EUGENE BENSON.

HAMLET IN SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

IN Grant White's "Shakespeare," and in other editions, English and American, it is stated that the plot of "Hamlet" is based on a legend first given by Saxo Grammaticus. In the fourteenth volume of his grand edition in folio, Mr. Halliwell reprints what he calls a "wretched translation of Belleforest, a popular romance, called 'The Historie of Hamblet,'" without informing us who Belleforest was, or giving any hint that he paraphrases Saxo. I have before me a folio volume, printed at Sorø, in Denmark, in 1644, the fourth edition within a century and a quarter of that time. The title is "Saxonis grammatici historie danicæ libri xvi." Saxo was a Dane, a native, probably, of one of the Baltic islands, whose birth we cannot date, but who died about 1203. He has largely availed himself of the poetic and romantic narratives of his predecessors, the scalds of Iceland, and the sagas of the whole North. His countrymen are proud of the light he has cast upon their history, and feel the keenest interest in his pages, because they dimly discern there traces of perished poets and chroniclers, and because, though they might hesitate to draw from such a cloud-land materials for authentic history, they perceive in him clear indications of ancient manners and opinions.*

Saxo assigns the story of Amleth to the second century before Christ; but better chronologists bring it eight hundred years nearer our time. Parts of the tale certainly exist in sagas still extant, and high authorities suppose it is founded in fact. In Saxo's recital, Amleth is the son of Hervendill, who with his brother Fengo divides the government of Jutland. The former, successful in piracy, marries the daughter of the King of Denmark. Excited by envy, Fengo murders his brother, and marries his wife. Amleth dreads his uncle's jealousy, and counterfits idiocy as a means of safety. Various expedients are resorted to, in order to determine whether his state of mind be assumed or real; but he eludes discovery. A foster-brother and a girl to whom he was attached are vainly used to entrap him. A courtier at length proposes that, since the son would probably be off his guard if left alone with his mother, Fengo should depart on a journey, and Amleth be conducted to his mother's chamber. Meanwhile, the courtier undertakes to hide in the straw which strewed the floor, and listen to the conversation between them. Amleth suspects the design, and, with his accustomed art, begins to crow like a cock, beat his arms like wings, and prance idiotically about the room. He soon jumps on the spy, drags him from his hiding-place, pretends to fall into a rage, kills and cuts him in pieces, and casts the dismembered fragments into a vault, to be devoured by hogs. He then reproaches his mother with her wicked, dishonored life, brings her to repentance, and engages her as an ally in the design he secretly cherishes. Fengo returns from his journey, inquires in vain for his agent, and finds that his plot has utterly failed.

Afraid to use violence, on account of the grandfather, he now resolves to send Amleth into England, accompanied by two courtiers, charged with letters written on wax tablets, desiring the British king to murder Amleth. The latter possesses himself of the tablets, learns their purport, and inserts the names of the traitors instead of his own. In England he displays so much sagacity and amiability as to acquire the highest respect and good-will, and obtains help in returning to Jutland at the time agreed on with his mother for his funeral to be celebrated at the court. His arrival there is received with astonishment; but he compels the courtiers to turn the funeral-mourning into a festival on account of his return. He plies them with drink; and, when they are prostrate on the floor, he pulls down the hangings upon them, and fastens them to the ground. He then fires the palace, and, as Fengo had early retired from the revelry, seeks him out in his solitude, upbraids him with his guilt, compels him to fight, and vanquishes him, not with a poisoned weapon, but by contriving to change weapons with him after having nailed his own scabbard on.

Here are at least a dozen particulars in which the narrative of Saxo, or of the chroniclers he represents, agrees with the plot so familiar to us in the pages of Shakespeare. Whence, now, did the dramatist obtain these minute features, since it may be taken for certain that he never read Saxo Grammaticus? Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was produced in 1601 or 1602. But there was an older play

* It is, however, greatly to be regretted that, instead of preserving the directness and simplicity of his originals, he has endeavored to tell their tales in classical language, and, instead of earlier models, has chosen the stilted phraseology of Valerius Maximus.

upon the same subject, alluded to by Robert Greene, in his "Mena-phon," as early as 1587. That tragedy has perished, and we cannot determine its relation to the play so familiar to us. Its writer might possibly have read Saxo, or he may have drawn from Belleforest, who professes that he had. Belleforest was an historiographer of France, who died in 1683. His work was probably soon translated into English, though all that is extant of such a translation is "The Historie of Hamblet," dated 1608. In the reprint of it, prefixed by Mr. Halliwell to his "Hamlet," we find the very thoughts of Saxo Grammaticus, though paraphrased with a great deal more. No doubt, there were earlier editions, and, no doubt, Shakespeare had read them, and borrowed from them what served his design.

FRED. VINTON.

WHAT SAND MAY DO.

NOT many years ago, the mercantile world of Prussia was greatly excited by a mysterious robbery, which for an unusually long time puzzled the acute police of that kingdom. The Royal Bank had sent a box with a hundred thousand dollars from Berlin to Münster. Upon its arrival, the chest looked as if no strange hand had touched it; but, when opened, a package of a thousand dollars was missing, and its place was filled up with sand. In vain did officials and detectives endeavor to discover a trace of the ingenious robber. A renowned geologist accidentally heard of the difficulty, and at once suggested that some of the sand should be sent to his study. An hour's examination enabled him to state with tolerable certainty the locality from which the sand was probably taken. Thereupon samples were sent him from all the stations through which the box had passed, and he decided upon the very town where the robbery must have been committed. With this cue the detectives went once more to work, and soon the thief was discovered and convicted.

For sand is at once the most common and the most varied of apparently worthless things. In every valley and plain, on the coast of vast continents and along the banks of tiny brooks, water is forever rolling up and down countless grains of sand. Only a few places on earth, like the coral-islands of the Pacific, built exclusively by the lime of indefatigable, tiny workers, are without its presence. It is the oldest child of our mountains; all the powers of the atmospheric world—water, ice, and wind—have used their utmost efforts, year after year, age after age, to break down gigantic mountains, to crush, grind, and wear the fragments, and to wash them down into the plain and to the great ocean. Some have found rest here; others have been drowned in the sea, where heavy pressure and the cementing power of salt water have hardened them into vast masses of sandstone.

But by far the largest part remained lying loose, the toy of every breeze, the swift and sure messenger of destruction. Here it covers vast steppes with its fatal, glittering mantle, changing its aspect with every puff of wind, or engulfing, as quicksand, the unwary traveller. There it rises in vast clouds from the centre of the great desert, and builds upon the unfrequented coast between the Canaries and the Cape-Verd Islands enormous downs of more than six hundred feet height; while other masses are drifted eastward, and steadily encroach upon the valley of the Nile, covering sphinx and pyramid alike by their irresistible power.

This universal sand consists in the main everywhere of the same substance, the well-known mineral which in all parts of the world and in all languages of men appears under its old German name of quartz. It owes its vast distribution to its hardness; for it is the hardest of all stones, surpassing even the hardest substance known in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—the enamel of our teeth. Hence the ludicrous complaint of Goethe's Werther, who writes to his beloved Lotte: "Only, no more sand on your letters! In a moment of rapture I carried your note to my lips, and my teeth suffered sadly." All other admixtures are hence soon reduced to almost impalpable powder by its superior power, and only enough is left to give to the sand of each locality some slight peculiarity of form and color. Thus, where porphyry prevails, the sand will assume a fair pink hue, while the bright scales of mica make it known as silver-sand.

Nature, however, allows none of her children to drift idly through the world, but makes them work hard and perseveringly for her Master. Hence quartz also, hard as it is, and indissoluble by any known fluid, must finally change its form and yield to the universal solvent, water. Wherever sand appears, it is kept in perpetual motion, and

this incessant friction reduces it finally into almost invisible particles, which are dissolved in water. Plants also, when decomposing, restore to the earth the small portion of quartz which has given them their strength; and, as quartz can, besides, be eliminated from clay, it circulates, after all, in spite of its apparently indestructible hardness, through all the realms of Nature. But, when it is thus, as it were, dissolved, it no longer retains the form of small, irregular grains, such as we see in sand, but appears, as far as shape and color are concerned, clad in forms of perfect beauty.

It is one of the many marvellous laws which rule our earth that solid bodies assume fixed forms; wherever they find rest—crystalline, as we call it—their shape depends, not on their surroundings, but on permanent laws. Thus, whenever quartz changes into crystal, it appears with unfailing regularity as a pyramid of six sides, or a column with six sides crowned by a pyramid. Nor does this uniformity apply merely to the general outline: all the angles correspond with the utmost fidelity. It matters little whether the mass be large or small; there may be but one column or quite a number joined together, and the substance may appear dim and unattractive or clear and brilliant like a diamond—the six sides are never wanting, the angles never vary, and, above all, the point at the end of the crystal, which is characteristic of quartz, is never absent.

This rock-crystal, as we commonly call the beautiful product, was well known to the ancients, and highly appreciated by Greeks and Romans alike. They thought it was solidified water, and believed, on that account, that heat was fatal to its existence. It was eagerly sought after under the Cæsars, and constituted a favorite article of luxury. Nero had a large ladle made of crystal, and two superb goblets, one of which, adorned with scenes from the "Iliad," cost an almost fabulous sum. In his insane wrath he destroyed both cups, "to punish his age by preventing any one from ever using again such glorious goblets."

In our day, rock-crystal is not valued so highly; larger pieces are worked up into vases and cups for ornament; the smaller ones serve as seals or as jewelry. This decline in public estimation is mainly due to the perfection with which crystal-glass is nowadays produced; for even in the last century pieces of rock-crystal were still counted among the most valuable jewels of royal treasures, and the French Government paid one hundred thousand francs for an urn of ten inches' height, adorned with bass-reliefs of scenes from the Old Testament.

If rock-crystal is not colorless, but tinged with delicate hues, it appears as topaz or amethyst. The former varies in color, and assumes accordingly different names; but it can also be changed by skillful application of heat, and jewellers know, by the aid of a gentle fire, how to transform an inferior amethyst into a superb gold-topaz.

A curious feature connected with the ordinary rock-crystal is the manner in which it is formed. The largest and clearest masses have been found in Madagascar, where travellers report the existence of rocks measuring five and six feet in diameter; but little is known with precision about them. In the Dauphiné, however, and in Switzerland, they are found in enormous masses in so-called crystal-caves. One of the latter, near the Grimsel Pass, and discovered in 1720, was one hundred and twenty feet deep, and at the largest place ten feet wide. Here crystals of eight hundred weight, and numerous smaller masses, were found, which rewarded the lucky finder with a handsome fortune. Hence the Swiss pursue the search after crystals with as much eagerness and contempt of danger as the hunt of the chamois.

While superstition and vague wonder no longer lend to rock-crystals a fictitious value, science has learned to appreciate their true usefulness, and uses them as "glasses" for optical instruments and spectacles, for which their hardness makes them invaluable, as they are not injured by dust, and hence remain pure and clear forever.

It is thus that poor, despised sand, trod under foot without a thought by high and low, becomes, as it were, spiritualized, and assumes a form of matchless beauty, while it lends to man its aid, and enables him to search out the secrets of the infinitely small, as well as to sweep the vast spaces of the universe. In all the realms of Nature there is no change like that which transforms the shapeless sand of the plains into a priceless crystal, and makes of the worthless refuse of ancient mountains an invaluable servant of man.

SCHIELE DE VRIE.



FAST ASLEEP.

I WATCHED her when the morning sun
 Flashed red upon the street ;
 Her daily tramp had just begun,
 Quick flew her little feet ;
 But now their weary task is done,
 Amid the dust and heat.

Hushed is the cheery voice that sang
 The hardly-heeded song ;
 Still, now, the tambourine's dull clang
 Heard in the noisy throng ;
 In tranquil sleep her eyelids hang,
 With fingers dark and long.

No mother's loving slumber-word
 Has lulled her unto rest ;
 Her sweet good-night fell all unheard ;
 Upon her father's breast
 She dropped, as drops a weary bird
 Within its downy nest.

Oh, lighted be her gentle sleep
 With visions fair and gay !
 No organ's drone upon them creep,

No voice of tumult stray ;
 Only in dream-land may she leap
 In childhood's careless play !

So on my way, as twilight fell,
 I saw the organ-girl,
 Her future story who shall tell ?
 Lost in the stir and whirl
 Of busy streets ; God shield it well,
 That fair face like a pearl !

I thought awhile : would it be wrong
 While eyes in sorrow weep,
 To wish that never more her song
 Might on my sad ears creep—
 That she from future sin and wrong
 Might never wake from sleep ?

And, musing so, I passed the crowd,
 By some light air beguiled :
 Heaven keep that form in slumber bowed
 All pure and undefiled !
 This was the prayer I uttered there,
 For the organ-grinder's child.

SILVER-MINING IN NEVADA.

SILVER-MINING in the United States is at present in its infancy. It is not ten years since the great Comstock Lode in Virginia City was discovered, which is said to have produced over one hundred millions already, without counting the immense sums which have probably been lost by unskilful and ignorant treatment of the ore. The application of science to mining, though limited as yet and insufficient, has still accomplished great results; so that ore not worth more than twenty dollars per ton can now be worked with profit, whereas formerly nothing under one hundred dollars per ton was considered worth treating at all.

The ore is worked in two ways, by wet and by dry crushing, the former being by far the more profitable, but unfortunately in many cases less practicable, than the latter. Still, silver-mining, as yet, is an experiment, and the application of science to the solution of its problems has been very slight, though, from the improvement already manifested, we have reason to expect great results in the future. It appears that at only a few of the districts do they find ore that can be reduced by what is known as the wet process, which can be carried on at half the expense of the dry crushing, with roasting process. Moreover, the expense for roasting by the old reverberatory furnace often runs as high as twenty-two dollars a ton, while the improved method of roasting, to say nothing of the diminished first cost of the furnaces, has lessened this expense to something like six or seven dollars a ton, which realizes from each ton of ore this difference in cost, and also enables mining-companies to work cheaper ores, that otherwise must be thrown into the waste-dumps. These waste-dumps, as may be inferred, are receptacles for worthless ore.

Virginia City is the great mining-town of the Pacific Coast. It is built on the Comstock Lode, which extends for three or four miles in very much the same direction as the great lode of the Pahranaagat Valley. This lode has made the fortune and the ruin of many an honest miner since its discovery in 1859. At present, work is progressing in a steady, quiet, respectable sort of fashion, the first flush of excitement having died out, and the mines still proving sufficiently profitable to prevent the population from deserting the city *en masse*. With its adjoining suburb of Gold Hill, it contains a population of about twelve thousand. It supports a newspaper, the *Territorial Enterprise*, on which Mark Twain won his first journalistic successes; and it has a very pretty little theatre, which is opened intermittently, as wandering stars come that way. The houses are principally rude wooden structures, and it would be impossible for the most enthusiastic citizen to boast of its having any claims whatever to architectural beauty. The vigilance committee has virtually withdrawn in favor of more commonplace legal proceedings, and, though essentially a rough mining-town, any stranger may feel perfectly safe and un molested in its streets.

It is built on the side of Mount Davidson, about half-way between the base and the summit, and is thoroughly striking and unique in its appearance. Besides its natural features, it possesses a work of interest to the student of scientific engineering—the celebrated Sutro Tunnel, which was intended to pierce the lode at its base, and thus to drain the mountain of its water, and extract the ore without the expensive and laborious system of hoisting now in general use. To enter upon a controversy upon the merits and demerits of the Sutro-Tunnel scheme, is not within the province of this article; but it is certain that the steady revenue derived in other countries from mines far inferior in extent and quality to those of this coast is due to the adoption of the tunnel-system and the construction of extensive adits.

Pioche, where the latest mining excitement of the State has broken out, presents another phase of mining-life. The city itself now numbers about two thousand inhabitants, and is laid out, with some attempt at symmetry, in terraces. The chief object of local pride is the graveyard, now only a year old, out of whose twenty or twenty-five occupants only two met a natural death. The mines are garrisoned and fortified against invasion by rival claimants; Henry rifles are sent from San Francisco every day by anxious holders of mining-property; lawsuits are innumerable, street and bar-room fights of almost daily occurrence; and, in fact, the only really prosperous members of the community are the lawyers and the bar-keepers, whose lives are in daily jeopardy. There is a committee of public

safety, who are doing an active and useful work. If they would only hang themselves as well as the reprobates whom they are supposed to judge, the entire State of Nevada would owe them heart-felt gratitude. Pioche is a place which a stranger leaves with a feeling of relief—a place where, though there is much money in circulation, no one seems to be rich. In fact, it may be doubted whether silver-mining in this country can ever be made to enrich many individual members of the community. Successful mining demands a large outlay of capital to be made generally profitable. The mines which are worked by foreign governments yield as well now as at first, and this, too, after they have been continuously worked for many years. But here in the United States, where the natural resources of mining are the richest, perhaps, in the world, miscellaneous prospecting is the rule, and scientific and systematic labor the exception. Our bad mining-laws, which are dangerously flexible and which offer no protection to large corporate bodies, are in a great measure the cause of this, and to-day the evil results are seen in the system of dabbling with surface-ores, which we dignify with the name of mining. But the great fissure-veins which lie throughout this region, and of which the Comstock Lode is only one of many, are not to be exhausted, or even tested, by any such imperfect methods. Our mineral resources are practically without limit. On either side of the great Sierra-Nevada range of mountains they lie—on the west, California, with its gold, and, on the east, Nevada, richer even in its silver than California in its gold; while, comparatively unexplored, Montana, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado, surround it, their wealth of mineral treasure ready to greet the discoverer.

In the present state of mining law, or rather lawlessness, the social aspect of mining-life is frightful and disheartening. It encourages the gambling-spirit, the spirit which prefers the possible aggrandizement of one to the secure prosperity and comfort of the whole community. The population is vicious and degraded, fluctuating from one place to another, as new excitements break out. The law is powerless, and the only check upon murder and riot is in the lynch-law of vigilance committees, and it is doubtful whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. You pass deserted ruins where mining was going on, but whence a new mining excitement has called away the inhabitants. The mines, though capable of rewarding labor, are deserted and undeveloped, and the workers have gone to some flourishing camp, there to remain until another excitement calls them to a new scene of action, or until they are killed in some drunken brawl. In California, mining aroused interests of commerce, agriculture, and manufacture; but Nevada is an inland State, and such interests cannot centre in it. Some companies have been formed, but the conflicting claims around them involve them in endless litigation, and in many cases it is necessary to fortify the entrances to the mines, and keep armed guard constantly, for fear of attack. The mining-laws, which protect nothing except the inherent desire of mankind for gambling and speculation, are responsible for this charming state of society, as well as for the lame and impotent state of mining development, which is crippling some of our most valuable natural endowments, and retarding our progress in art and civilization. If the mining-laws only provided for the security and establishment of large corporations by investing them with control of the surrounding wood and water facilities, which are so indispensably necessary to the successful prosecution of mining, there would be a perceptible difference in the tone of society, and in the increase of our national wealth and prosperity.

The mines of the Pahranaagat District, unlike those of most other districts, are entirely under the control of one company, which owns nearly one hundred miles of claims to silver-deposits. This is probably, from its extent, the most valuable mineral property in either California or Nevada. The main lode appears to be a true fissure-vein, and the ore is of a good average grade. But in the most marked degree it shows what is the desirable and the needed system of mining in this country—that of tunnelling and using adits—which has been followed with so much success and steady profit in Germany.

The main lodes of the great Hyko Ledge are the Illinois and the Indiana. Mr. A. F. White, the mineralogist of the State of Nevada, assayed six samples of ore, taken indiscriminately from the first of these lodes, and found their respective value to be as follows: First specimen, \$942.53; second, \$1,570.89; third, \$325; fourth, \$94.25; fifth, \$21.99; sixth, \$204.18. The Indiana is also a fissure-vein, and of immense size. One pocket of ore, worth \$2,000 a ton, was dis-

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covered here. And these are but two of the many deposits in this ledge; for, cropping out from the main vein, the foot-hills and spurs are full of segregated pockets of ore, some of great extent, and which alone might be considered valuable claims. As yet, the water-level has not been reached; but, by the adoption of a system of adits and tunnels, not only will the expensive hoisting-process be avoided, and the ore be dug and dropped in the cañon at the foot of the mountain, but, by reaching the supply of water, mills can be erected at the very entrance of the mines, and the cost of reduction be so much decreased that the value of the ore will be virtually doubled. By a system of deep mining, by the construction of tunnels and adits around the spurs, there can be no doubt of the great profit which must yet arise from these mines. With the extensive deposits of ore throughout the district, without the contests and litigation which fritter away the value of so many great mineral properties, with one of the finest mills in the State already built, and with the control of the wood and water facilities, and the agricultural advantages which few corporations possess, the Hyko Silver-mining Company have, indeed, brilliant prospects for the future.

And yet, through a variety of causes, their past record, upon a comparison of their expenditures with their receipts, is not a successful one. Large sums of money have been expended with liberality, but without judgment. The expenses incurred in securing this immense property, in closing litigation as well as in providing the actual purchase-money, were very great. The mill, too, was another burden of expense, its construction being amply and generously provided for. Then, at the time when these expenses were incurred, the railroad, which has so wonderfully developed our waste Western country, was unfinished. The cost of labor was greater with the cost of transportation, and rose and fell with it. The average price of labor is now three dollars and a half, where then it was six dollars. Engineering operations were begun without judgment; tunnels were commenced at a guess, which reached nothing, and were left unfinished; and the principle of sticking to your lode was repeatedly violated—so that now, in spite of their unsurpassed facilities, the operations of the company are at present at a stand-still, which, there is every reason to suppose, is only temporary.

That success is possible or probable, can hardly be doubted. Each day witnesses new development in this State, which already boasts over two hundred mining-districts. The increased facility of transportation consequent upon the completion of trans-continental communication has had its effect even upon this comparatively remote portion of the State. The approaching completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad will have a similar effect. Already, the immense reduction in the price of labor—a consideration of vast importance to the mining-interest—is perceptible, and this reduction can be made even greater by the judicious introduction of Chinese labor, or by the immigration of Cornish laborers, to whom freeholds can be granted—a plan which has already worked well in the copper-mining districts of Michigan, and which will greatly accelerate the desired development of this portion of our territory. And then deep mining on a comprehensive basis can be attempted with the practical application of the adit or tunnel system, of which we have already spoken. At the levels formed by the intersection of the mineral matter with the beds of the main cañons, it will not be possible to connect in one comprehensive line an adit for the entire length of the main vein, which extends many miles. Three of these can be run, however, giving full exploitation at their levels, for all the main mines from which inclines or shafts can be run to obtain water or to reach the level along which the continuity of the mother-vein shall be proved.

The company have been making extensive mining-surveys, with a view of determining a working-plan on a secure footing, looking to the development of what promises to be a new and unexpected feature of the property.

From examinations made by experts it appears that there are two grand faults, or slides, in this district, that have moved the upper portions of the main mineral mass away from the crest of the great quartz-mountain along vertical planes, having their axes nearly east and west. This has given rise to what would seem to be three main fissures, the trend of all of which is northerly and southerly, the breaks in the continuity occurring along the cañons, so that these will probably join upon deep mining.

The many changes in the phases of mining-industry in the interior

portions of Nevada from year to year bring us closer to the mines in this section, presenting to our notice a country which, five years ago, appeared as a blank, or was marked unexplored, upon our maps. These changes, with their new means of cheapened internal communication, of course, affect the final cost of all materials and necessary productions, besides reducing the average cost of labor nearly, if not fully, forty per cent.

The Pahranaagat District, too, has an advantage over most of the mineral regions of Nevada in being well watered and fertile. Its Indian name, in fact, signifies running water. The valley contains over ninety thousand acres capable of irrigation and cultivation. The yield of the crops is almost incredible, and the southern situation of the valley renders two crops possible during one season. The farming, settlements of the Mormons are within a hundred miles of Hyko, where there is abundant market for them. There is also wood in comparatively easy distance. The roads are gravelly and easy, the soil being neither muddy, dusty, nor alkaline. Then, the adjoining springs are wonderful in their quality and volume; and, altogether, a place more richly endowed with natural advantages can hardly be found in the entire State. The valley runs south and north, as do most of the mineral valleys of the State, and, with but little grading, will form an admirable track for the State Central Railroad, which must naturally ensue, when the Southern Pacific Railroad is completed, as a connection between that and the Central Pacific line. And this fertile and beautiful spot is in the midst of a State where not one acre in three hundred can be cultivated.

The springs in this valley are really wonderful. At the head of the valley is Hyko Spring, which flows from a ledge of rock on the east side of the valley, near its bend, discharging at the rate of two and a half cubic feet a second, its water being singularly soft, pure, and clear. Crystal Spring, on the west side, has a similar volume. But Ash Spring, twelve miles distant from the others on the east side of the valley, is by far the more powerful, and its several heads form a junction, after which it forms a creek, flowing into the Pahranaagat Lake, twenty-five miles below Hyko. Near Hyko, too, is the great deposit of rock-salt, a valuable piece of property. The salt is found in crystallized form, and is admirable in quality.

Altogether, the Pahranaagat District is likely to prove one of the most interesting as well as one of the most valuable in the entire State. Not only is its extent enormous, its facilities varied and extensive, its surroundings all that could be desired for health and beauty, but it is also entirely under the control of one company, whose claim is well founded and secure from litigation, and which possesses the command of all those resources which our present mining-laws do not offer to corporate companies.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the importance of the mining-interest and the need of attention to it on the part of our legislators. In nineteen years it has reclaimed over one-third of our entire territory from the savage, and now promises to be the largest contributor of all interests to our national wealth. The surface of Nevada has hardly been scratched; yet, without deep mining having been fairly tested here, this State has proved the richest in our Union. Let but science and philosophy, statesmanship and capital, be once fairly interested in developing its resources, and the results will be glorious not only to our national power and wealth, but to the interest of art, literature, trade, and science, throughout the civilized world.

THE SENTINEL.

THE SENTINEL.

"THE Sentinel," of which we give an engraving on the following page, is from a picture by Guignet, one of the most original of modern French painters. It represents, evidently, a barbarian warrior on the lookout for foes. He is tall, robust, and fierce-looking, and his costume, his armor, and his general appearance, give him an Oriental air. But there is nothing about him to indicate his nationality or his character. He may be the sentry of a band of brigands, or of a band of patriots struggling to deliver an oppressed country. Who can tell? We see only that he is a fine and vigorous specimen of the human animal, and that he stands grasping the handle of his spear with a vigilant look in his countenance which exhibits a firm determination to do his duty.



THE SENTINEL.

FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIEN GUIGNET.

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A DAY IN POMPEII.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

IT was a clear, bright morning in the month of August, when we, a jovial party of four Americans, left Naples, large and opulent, with its magnificent streets lying open to the bay, where the excessive heat of the sun is tempered by the gentle sea-breezes, fragrant with the perfumes of the Campagna Felice, to spend a day among the ruins of Pompeii. The ride was a pleasant one, inasmuch as the road lay through one of the most cheerful spots of this sunny clime. On our right sparkled the waters of the sea, surrounded by the curved promontories, with a coast of changing color—blue vanishing into green, and *vice versa*—the same that existed eighteen centuries ago.

On the right, with Naples receding, Castel-a-Mare, the site of the ancient Stables, where now the ships of the royal navy are built, loomed up in the distance. On the left, Vesuvius looked down upon us; no longer, indeed, covered over with woods and fertile pastures where flocks used to wander, and Roman husbandmen gathered the products of the orchard and vine; no longer resembling, in wild picturesqueness, the Monte San Angelo lying a short distance beyond; but, on the contrary, now a dismal waste, a summit blackened by the matter which has issued from it. There it stood, like a Titanic furnace, ever smoking and sending forth torrents of flame, and surrounded by a mass of ashes and burnt stones, altogether as formidable as it is vast, and seemingly threatening with destruction the small villages which repose peacefully at its feet.

At this juncture, and while we were admiring the grandeur of the

scene, our travelling *servant* recalled in brief, to our ready minds, the story of that eruption, which—

"... mingled with absorbing fire,
Wreaked vengeance with resistless ire."

It was the 23d of November, A. D. 79. A loud noise was heard, like that of thunder rolling over the clouds of the heavens, in the direction of the mountain, and subsequently flame and melted substances were seen issuing from the crater. The earth began to tremble, and it seemed as if the very elements were dissolving and Nature dying amid untold agonies. The small villages which lay clustered around, assailed by the torrents of flame, took fire. At Pompeii, it is said, the people were assembled within the amphitheatre, to witness the ghastly spectacle of a gladiatorial festival. As soon as the danger became known, they rushed wildly into the streets, where death threatened them in turn. Night came on, and with it increased horror. The shower of ashes began falling, like burning snow, gradually but fatally. But who would not rather imagine than describe such a scene—a scene where destruction threatened all! How awful a night, how fearful a morrow! Day, indeed, had come, but not the light of day; Pompeii was enveloped in a darkness into which not one ray of light could penetrate. And such gloom was to last until long centuries should have rolled away!

Our companion ceased; the train also stopped, and the conductor, entering the car, shouted almost frantically, "*Pompéja! venite di qua, signóres.*"

Yes, we had arrived at the ruins, after an hour's ride, and soon found ourselves upon *terra firma*. Leaving the station, our attention was first drawn toward a modern-built but rather antique-looking building. It was a tavern, or the *popina* of Diomed. We entered, and took seats at the table. To eat, or not to eat, that was the question, to be determined upon afterward. The spokesman of the party asked for some *jentaculum* in the true Roman style. It consisted of a beefsteak and baked potatoes, followed, of course, by something to drink. The wines of Campania are not very good, and one who has accustomed himself to the vintages of France, or even of the Rhine, will find himself greatly disappointed in his first trial of Italian brands.

However, one may drink Falernian, not the *ardens Falernum* of Horace, nor the *indomitum* of Perseus, but rather a soft, mellow wine, resembling in tone the lightest madeira.

While thus engaged, our learned friend again checked our gayety by relating a few sober facts, which it is well to know before entering the silent city.

In 1748, some workmen—vine-dressers—engaged in their usual labor, accidentally touched upon something hard, which in time proved to be a stone wall. The attention of Don Rocco Alcubierra was called to it. He, with a party of engineers, began immediate exploration. That a city lay buried there was a conclusive fact; but that city was thought to be Stabiae. Eight years later, evidence showed it to be Pompeii. The exploration thus begun proceeded at a very slow rate. Winkelmänn, visiting the excavations in 1758, remarked: "Our descendants of the fourth generation, at the present rate, will have digging to do among these ruins," a prophecy which has proved only too true. From its discovery to the present time, excavations have been going on, successively, under Charles III., Murat, and King Ferdinand, and still more recently under the well-managed auspices of Signor Fiorelli. But the third part of the buried city is not unearthed yet. And, at the present rate, again I venture to repeat the remark of the German artist.

"Be prepared," said our friend, "to leave the outside world. Be ready, with full strength and vigor, to climb over a rising slope of rubbish, and don't mind the dirt."

We were ready to encounter any thing; and, after paying two francs apiece at the office to a seedy-looking individual in gray clothes, deep-set eyes, and long, grizzly beard, we passed through the entrance to the immortal city.

Passing by the Arcade of Minerva, where were once flourishing warehouses, we entered the street, and stood for a moment to gaze at the Temple of Venus and the Basilica, and then passed on to the Forum. It consists of a large, open space, at the farther extremity of which is a mound, rising between two arcades, around which are masses of stone-work, sadly dilapidated and plundered. The pavement is travertine, a fine contrast to the Nicholson work of modern days. We will first examine the mound. What was it? Probably the foundation of a temple, the ruins of which still exist. But how small! When we recall the immense structures of St. Paul, the Cathedral of Metz, or St. Peter's, we wonder that such an insignificant building should have been called a *temple*. It is easily explained. In the olden time, a temple was not a place of congregation, into which the people could assemble to worship the divinity, but simply a niche enclosing the divinity that was worshipped. Only a few could enter the consecrated place; the vulgar had to remain outside. But, although small, this *cella* of the god was rich in embellishment, as were also the Temple of Jupiter, the palaces of Eumachia, Mercury, and the Senate-chamber, all situated near by.

We now come to the Pantheon. In the first place, what is it? Every one has heard of the Pantheon—the "all-divine" temple at Rome—whose matchless beauty, still remaining, not even time itself can destroy. But the Pantheon at Pompeii is a far different affair. Entering the edifice by a large, open door, we find ourselves within a court surrounded by a spacious portico. Opposite to the enclosure, doors open into three other apartments. In the middle one, we are told, were found statues of Augustus, Livia, his wife, and Drusus. This leads us to suppose that it was a temple of Augustus. On the right, behind a long stone bench, runs a conduit, apparently a passage to certain fluids, perhaps the blood of animals. Apartments, eleven in number, also on the right, have the appearance of stalls. At the Museum at Naples are paintings which were taken from these stalls. It seems that cattle in those days fared more

sumptuously than at present. The paintings represent bacchanalian divinities, winged Cupids, flowers woven into garlands. On this ground some have supposed the Pantheon to have been a slaughter-house. Again, in the shops attached to the edifice were found lamps, vases, statues, jewels, bottles, scales, baker's tools, and small pictures of pullets, geese, ducks, bread and cake, etc. This makes us think of an eating-house, perhaps a *free-lunch* establishment—*hospitium*—where guests were served under the protection of the gods. A queer mixture altogether! But we must still suppose the Pantheon to have been a temple of the emperor, the stalls a receptacle for sacrificial offerings, and the inn built for the comfort of guests. It is not uncommon at the present day even for one to spend an hour in divine worship, and then turn thence to spend a season at the saloon, to enjoy the delicacies of a *convivium*!

Leaving the Forum, and passing over to the southwest side, we arrive at the Basilica—from its derivation, a royal court. Facing it from the Forum, we see six columns, between which were five doors. Everywhere we behold statues in fragments. The walls of the Basilica are singularly marred by inscriptions, seemingly the work of a knife-blade or some other sharp-edged tool. The loafers of this ancient time seem to have known of no other way of leaving their names behind them except by engraving them upon the walls. Not names only, but whole passages, we find, taken from some favorite poet, together with jests, satires, and witticisms, sometimes of considerable merit.

From these simple scratches, what pictures cannot we form of the scenes of earlier days! A congregation of men of all sorts. Lovers dreaming of their sweethearts; wits talking for the amusement of a crowd, and when in want of an audience, writing out their thoughts upon the walls; wise men expounding to the precious few the doctrines of immortality; jealous suitors wrangling in strife over a Chloe or a Glycera; slaves amusing themselves at a game of tennis; in short, how natural every thing seems! It was easy to revive every scene, to bring the dead back to the living, and to imagine them treading upon the same spot where now are merely cold, ruined masses of stone. It was easy to picture magnificent edifices adorned with statues and paintings; triumphal arches and colonnades; a thriving business and a happy throng; the merchants' exchange, the court of justice, the market-house, the tavern, the church, the very heart of the city overflowing with life. Here were song and dance, and the noble Latin language resounding on all sides. Upon the splendor glittering in the brightest sunshine—as though a breath of imperial Rome had swept over it—falls the curtain, like that which falls upon the last tragic act of the drama—and we are left to ponder.

We will now descend into the streets, which are not Broadways, for the greatest width will not exceed seven yards, and there are some not more than two and a half. They are raised, and variously paved with flagstone, beaten soil, or marble. The names by which they are distinguished are somewhat singular. There is the Street of Abundance; Twelve Gods; Modest Street; also from illustrious modern visitors—the King of Prussia, Goethe, Duke d'Aumale. In walking through these narrow lanes, it appears to you as if you were passing through a large city which had been visited by a fire, with nothing but bare walls remaining. The stores faced the streets, as now; but the large windows for display are gone, the doors are gone—a sight dreary enough!

The manner in which the various stores were distinguished from each other is worthy of note. "John Smith, Baker," or "Silas White, Barber," would have looked singularly enough to a Pompeian citizen. They had no sign-boards whatever; but paintings or carvings upon the front walls told of their professions. A mill, turned by an ass, represents that the proprietor was a miller. A goat, in terra-cotta, shows us the milk-depot. There is the shop of the barber, with its benches of masonry, where customers sat. Next door is the perfumer's, the druggist's, with a sign of *Æsculapius*—a serpent eating a pineapple—and his various tablets, jars, and phials, containing dried-up mixtures. Not far from the druggist lived the doctor, from whose house were taken the celebrated surgical instruments which are now at the Museum. It was these very instruments which gave rise to the well-known discussion and controversy between the Doctors Purgon and Pancratius. We next arrive at the dyer's. Here we learn that the Pompeians used only minerals, such as cinnabar, minium, ochre, etc., in the preparation of their colors, with the single exceptions of lampblack from the vegetable, and purple from the animal kingdoms. The oil-merchant's establishment is easily pointed

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cut, from the fact that the counters are beautifully covered with a slab of *cipollino*, and gray marble adorned with rosettes. Eight earthenware jars containing oil were found in the place. Then there are the eating-houses, scattered about, where guests were served with rich abundance. Wines highly perfumed—detestable in the extreme, it would seem to us—were always in great demand, and bread, several loaves of which were found in one of the bakery-ovens, with the stamps upon them—*siligo grani* (wheat-flour), or *cicera* (bean-flour)—was used in great quantities. The loaves weigh about a pound each, round, depressed in the centre, and divided into eight lobes. Professor de Luca analyzed them carefully, and the result may be found in a letter addressed to the French Academy of Sciences.

But it would be a vain and useless task to recount the numerous sights to be beheld among the ruins of Pompeii. With the exception of the style of architecture, and the width of the streets, we see very little difference between ancient and modern life and action. The stores are the same, each laden with similar stock. There we witness the old posters announcing apartments to let; the various inscriptions and scratches upon the walls, from the name of some *Dulcinea* down to the bold and sternly precise injunction, "Commit no nuisance!" put up at the street-corners.

I have now only to speak of the baths, *thermae*, and the dwellings of Pompeii. Those who are acquainted in the least with Roman antiquities, will know well what the Pompeian baths were, when told that they were the same, both in manner of architecture and embellishment, as those which existed in Rome, some of the ruins of which have descended to this late day. We are told that, in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, there were eight hundred and fifty-six baths at Rome. Judging from this number, the Romans must have been an amphibious people—often, it is said, bathing themselves seven times a day! The baths were accessible to every one upon payment of a small admission-fee. The baths were opened at dawn—announced by a bell—but the wealthier classes went there only in the afternoon. At one time, modesty forbade even a father and son bathing together; later, men and women entered the water together, until Hadrian, recognizing the shame, issued an order to the contrary.

Pompeii had two bathing-establishments, at least that part of the city which has been exhumed—one, the Stabian baths, was furnished with every convenience, almost equalling a water-cure, in fact. In this bath was found a Berosian sun-dial. These primitive timepieces were not rare in Pompeii, and were often placed as adornments upon monuments. Plautus makes one of his characters, a parasite, exclaim:

"May the gods kill the man who first invented the hours—who first placed a sun-dial in this city! In my childhood, there was no other timepiece than my stomach. But nowadays, although the sideboard be full, nothing is served up until it shall please the sun. Thus, since the town has become full of sun-dials, you see nearly everybody crawling about half-starved and emaciated."

There are cold and hot baths, each furnished with appropriate appointments. Should you desire to try either, there are servants ready to attend you—to undress and prepare you for the forthcoming siege. You are laid out upon a stone bench—stark naked—one slave cuts your nails, another plucks your stray locks, another scratches you with hostile brushes, a fourth deluges you with oils and essences, and perfumes you. Then you are dressed again, and led out to reflect upon your condition. No Turkish bath ever equalled it in deliciousness—you go away more than satisfied. Adjoining the bath proper was the reading-room, where citizens assembled to hear the news, or, rather, read it; for, in want of newspapers, local items were posted up on the walls. This means of information was termed *Diurnus*; or, "Day's Doings," and answered the purpose of journals. In fact, *diurnals* and *journals* are synonymous terms.

As to the dwellings of the Pompeians, they, like those at Rome, were magnificent or shabby, according to the taste and wealth of their owners; of the better kind, examples prove them to have been model houses. There were the *atrium* and the *peristyle*, the former the public, the latter the private part of the establishment. The *atrium* was a sort of court, covered with a roof, open in the middle for the passage of rain-water, which was collected into a large marble basin. From this court doors led off into side-apartments, each of which had particular use, as sleeping-rooms, reception-rooms, and the like.

The *peristyle* was a real court, or a garden surrounded with columns, forming a portico. From this opened doors into other apartments,

used as dining-rooms, parlors, private rooms, kitchen, and servants rooms. The dining-rooms were adorned magnificently with pictures and statuary, rich tables and elegant couches for the use of the guests. It is well known that, at meals, guests did not sit in chairs, but always reclined upon their elbows. Hence the expression imported from Carthage, "Make the beds," instead of "Lay the table."

Banish the *peristyle*, the columns, the paintings, and other articles of cost and vanity, and you have the house of the poor man. On the contrary, by developing it still more, an idea, but faint in the extreme, is given of a Roman palace.

"Born and bred in the lap of luxury" would but poorly describe the life of some of the old Roman millionnaires. Even the immense wealth of modern lords falls below theirs. It is said that, eighty years before Christ, the residence of Lepidus was the handsomest in Rome. Thirty-two years later it was but the hundredth. In the older palaces slaves were counted by thousands. It is hard to imagine how they employed themselves. No wonder that Seneca, a man born out of his time, exclaimed: "O ye blessed gods! how many men employed to serve a single stomach!" Such a man would be termed a *socialist*, instead of a rhetorician, in our time.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

AGNES HOTOT.

(A. D. 1890.)

WHEN Might made law in days of chivalry,
Hotot and Ringsdale, over claims to land,
Darkened their lives with stormy enmity;
And for their rights agreed this test to stand:
To fight steel-clad till either's blood made wet
The soil disputed—and a time was set.

But Hotot sickened when the day drew near,
And strength lay racked that once had been his boast.
Then Agnes, his fair daughter, for the fear
That in proud honor he would suffer most,
Set Will to do the battle in his name,
And leave no foothold for the tread of Shame.

So, at the gray, first coming of the day,
She shook off sleep, and from her window gazed.
The west was curtained with night's dark delay;
A cold and waning moon in silence raised
Her bent and wasted finger o'er the vale,
And seemed sad Death who beckoned, wan and pale.

But Hope sails past the rugged coasts of Fear;
For while awakened birds sang round her eaves,
Our Agnes armed herself with knightly gear
Of rattling hauberk and of jointed greaves;
Withal she put on valor, that to feel,
Does more for victory than battle-steel.

She had a sea of hair, whose odor sweet,
And golden softness in a moonless tide,
Went rippling toward the white coast of her feet;
But as beneath a cloud the sea may hide,
So in her visored, burnished helmet there,
Beneath the cloud-like plume, was hid her hair.

Bearing the mighty lance, sharp-spiked and long,
She at the sill bestrode her restless steed.
Her kneeling soul prayed God to make her strong,
And prayer is nearest path to every need.
She clattered on the bridge, and on apace,
And met dread Ringsdale at the hour and place.

They clashed in onslaught. Steel to steel replies.
The champed bit foams. Rider and ridden fight.
Each feels the instinct in his nature rise
That in forefront of havoc takes delight.

The lightning of the lances flashed and ran
Until, at last, the maid unhorsed the man.

Then, on her steed, she, bright-eyed, flushed, and glad,
Her helmet lifted in the sylvan air;
And from the iron concealment that it had,
The noiseless ocean of her languid hair
Broke with dishevelled spray. The cross and heart,
Jewels that latched her vest, she drew apart.

"Lo, it is Agnes, even I!" she said,
"Who with my trusty lance have thrust you down!
For hate of shame the fray I hazarded;
And yet, not me the victory should crown,
But God, the Merciful, who helps the right,
And lent me strength to conquer in the fight."

Oh, he by all should be accounted base,
Who, for a gift that God has given him,
Takes honor to himself. Of him all trace
Forgetfulness should cancel and bedim.
He steals from Heaven, for self-love makes corrupt
And dwarfs the soul who of her wine has supped.

But he who gives to God the meed of praise
For proof of gratitude within his heart,
May find success attendant on his ways,
Shall with the future have a lot and part;
For time his name will brighten, though afar,
As twilight brightens and brings near her star.

HENRY ARBET.

THE WARWICK MOP.

"ARE you going to the Mop to-morrow night?" "Jack and Billy will be at the Mop, and I am going to-morrow. It will be so jolly, for we shall stay in the evening! You will go, won't you?"

These and other like questions I heard, on all sides, from the mouths of young girls returning home from work through the streets of Leamington one pleasant evening in October, and the replies satisfied me that everybody was going to the Mop. "*Tout le monde et sa femme*" (at least of that monde) were evidently to be there, wherever it might be.

But what in the world can this Mop be?

At last I made bold to ask, and received for answer: "Oh, the Mop is at Warwick, and all the girls and men come there to be hired for the next year, and they dance, and ride on velocipedes, and have shows, and have a good time. Some people call it the Statute Fair, and they roast an ox whole in the square for everybody to eat!"

A light gradually broke in upon my mind while I was getting my reply, and I thought to myself: "Why, Betty Fox and Sally Cox must surely be there, and the Sheriff, for this can be nothing more or less than the opera of 'Martha' in real life, and I, too, must be there."

So, the next day at noon, I walked over the pleasant footpath that leads to Warwick, across green fields, where countless sheep were grazing, and shaded with venerable trees. I took this by-way rather than the more familiar high-road, as I should in this way see that most picturesque and beautiful of country-seats, Guy's Cliff, which I had seen everywhere in photographs, and could never cease to wonder at for its rare beauty.

Guy's Cliff is the charming retreat to which, so the story runs, the great Guy of Warwick, after a life devoted to feats of arms, retired, hollowing out a cave in the rock with his own hands, or, as he tells us in the old ballad—

"There with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone;
And lived, like a palmer poor,
Within that cave myself alone."

The tradition further says that this "palmer poor" used often, near his cell, to meet and give ghostly counsel to his wife, whom he had left in Warwick Castle when he went to fight in the Holy Land, and where she still supposed him to be. After subsisting long upon the alms given by the fair Phillis, the great Guy made himself known

to her upon his death-bed. Naturally she, too, gave up the ghost, and one grave held them both.

Sir William Dugdale (and, indeed, every one else who sees the place) commends the good taste of the giant in selecting his retreat. Dugdale says:

"A place this of so great delight, in respect to the river gliding below the rock, the dry and wholesome situation, and the fair grove of lofty elms overshadowing it, that to one who desireth a retired life, either for his devotions or study, the like is hardly to be found."

Leland calls it "the abode of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses;" and Camden says it is "the very seat of pleasantness."

Scarcely more than a mile's walk through this charming footpath brings you from Leamington to the bridge across the Avon, at the old mill, under the deep shade of overhanging trees, that are mirrored in the clear waters of the gently-flowing stream, in which swans and other beautiful water-fowl plash and play all around you. Seated on a rustic seat on the mill-bridge, you look across, up the river, to the manor-house, which is built upon the very edge of a rocky cliff that rises nearly perpendicularly from the river, imparting to the house, which elsewhere would present no special claims to consideration, the dignity and imposing effect of a castle. Scarcely even on the Rhine will you find a building more effectively and beautifully placed. Behind it rise large and venerable elms that cover it with a profound shade, and in the water of the Avon flowing below the whole is reflected with a distinctness rarely seen. The blue October sky, the deep green of the shadowing trees, the gray walls of the house pierced with many windows and topped with picturesque roofs, quaint chimneys and the turret of the chapel, and the bold front of the cliff itself, are all reflected in the water as plainly as they are seen in solid substance on the banks, but transfigured by the beauty which reflection ever lends to natural objects.

From the house itself you may look back to the bridge at the old mill, with its plashing, turning wheels, toward the very place where you have been sitting, behind which rise the odd old buildings of the ancient mill, and feast your eyes with another landscape of equal beauty. Beautiful long ago when old Guy hewed his house here, this spot is still "a thing of beauty—a joy forever."

From the high-road you see the front of the house through an avenue of noble, lofty trees, a beautiful perspective that once seen can never be forgotten; while not far distant, on the opposite side of the road, you see Blacklow Hill, near the top of which is a monument, bearing the date of 1311, commemorating the execution, on this spot, of Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the favorite of Edward II, who was beheaded here by Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

In this lovely place (which I should not omit to state contains within the mansion treasures of art also that well reward a visit) I might have lingered all day, as I have here lingered in attempting to revive the recollections of its charms, had I not bethought me how rapidly the hours fly away, and had not a remembered strain from "Martha" reminded me that I must hasten on to make up for the time lost in this *détour* to reach Warwick before it should be too late to see what I had come so far to witness.

On entering the narrow streets of the town it was evident that something unusual was going on, as a considerable crowd filled the usually-deserted lanes that lead to the principal square, and in the window of every shop for the sale of beer, wine, and spirits, were placards announcing that a dance would come off at such-and-such a house in the evening, at a price in *pence*, indicating that the dancers were to be of somewhat humble rank.

Suddenly coming into the square, I was at once in a dense crowd of people. In the centre was a confused huddle of booths for the sale of every thing; toys, cakes, gingerbread, Banbury cakes, everywhere (evidently as the great delicacy of the occasion, for there seemed to be much competition between the venders thereof), jack-knives, whips, every kind of worsted gear for women, and all the infinite kinds of small wares which they ever delight to buy; crockery utensils and ornaments of every sort, machines for testing the strength of your fist, the capacity of your lungs, your weight, which you were most earnestly entreated to patronize, the flat-testing machines being attended by brazen-faced and strong-armed viragoes, who ever and anon displayed their own muscle by giving the pad a vigorous and resounding whack, and proclaiming in stentorian voices the number indicating upon the dial the terrible power of their Amazonian blows; there were hobby-horses, on which rustic swains and maidens were smilingly re-

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volving, happy as any of their betters; there were others, equally happy, mounted on velocipedes, following each other in an endless chase, pursuing but never overtaking each other, upon a circular railroad-track, that made the course of the four-and-twenty iron horses; there was a Cheap John on the platform in front of his van, his natural comeliness a little disguised in the red wig worn by low comedians upon the stage, glibly selling to the highest bidder, one by one, the promiscuous contents of his cart, and repeating, for the thousandth time, his well-worn jokes, that seemed always new to the gaping rustics that composed his ever-changing audience.

But surely here is Plunkett himself, a strapping six-footer, riding whip in hand, long drab gaiters buttoned up his well-made leg, his jolly face surmounted by a drab-felt hat, and a rather jaunty velvet coat completing his costume; on the whole, a complete contrast to the normal black-hatted, begloved, and becaned young Englishman of the period.

He must be Plunkett, and no one else. I follow, to get a better look at him, and so suddenly come upon the opera of "Martha!" There, to be sure, are Betty Fox and Sally Cox, and the whole list of them, not in short skirts and white stockings, with gayly-embroidered cloaks, and jaunty little lace caps, as we have been wont to know them, but in stout leather shoes, blue-worsted stockings, shawls, and unmistakable English bonnets, even as I have seen them assembled at the well-known establishment of Mrs. Harris, who finds "help" for the ladies of Boston.

It is clearly only a rehearsal, not even a dress-rehearsal. No, it is the *Marthas* of real life, who have been "cumbered with much serving," who are here. The sidewalk is crowded with them, literally standing in the market-place all day to be hired. I do not see the Sheriff of the opera, and doubt whether her Majesty's proclamation has been read; but here are the women, as I have above described them, and here, too, are the dull, loutish-looking farm-servants (no black slave in America ever looked more like a clod than do these English plough-boys), all waiting to be hired.

There are other Plunketts, besides him whom I have followed, in conference with them, and I think I sometimes see the earnest-money paid over that is to bind the new bargain which establishes the relation between the masters and their new servants for the coming twelvemonth. It is a rough and rustic crowd altogether, and I doubt whether any Lady Henrietta from Warwick Castle near by would venture here in disguise, like the heroine of the opera, and I am confident that Lord Derby was not there under any disguise.

There is a good deal of lively, coarse joking and merriment going on in the crowd between the hirers and the hired, and between the girls and their friends of either sex, and much talk as to the relative merits of various places; greetings are exchanged between many who may not have met for a twelvemonth past, and invitations given and accepted to join in some of the dancings and merry-makings that are to take place in the evening.

Not far off a savory smell fills the air that seems to proceed from a small board-enclosure, round which an eager and somewhat excited crowd is pressing. As I always have the desire to know what is going on in the middle of a crowd, of course I go in that direction, and, after a severe struggle, reach the low board-fence that encloses a small space in front of a rough shed. Within I see the glowing embers of a monstrous fire, before which, on a huge spit, are the remains of the great ox that weighed, I forget how many pounds, according to the placards on the walls. It is now little more than skull and bones, from which the attendant ministers of the sacrifice are busily engaged in basting the slowly-revolving carcass and in carving the remnants of flesh in long strips, which they hand over, skillfully rolled up on their forks, to the hungry crowd at the fence, who receive the dainty morsels in their fingers, from which they pass quickly into their empty stomachs. It is a truly Homeric feast, and the swift-footed, divine Achilles would have felt himself entirely at home at this banquet of modern Britons. But I, not having the appetite of either an ancient Greek or a modern Briton, do not covet the morsels that are so tempting to them.

Near by a space is being cleared by a bull-necked young athlete, assisted by a female of brazen face and manners, who gracefully swings in the faces of the by-standers a missile resembling a four-pound shot, made fast at the end of a long cord, by a vigorous use of which a circle is quickly cleared, when the performer announces that he will permit himself to be tied, hands, head, and feet, with this twenty yards of rope, in any manner that any gentleman may please to tie him. Of

course, a contribution is expected to defray the expenses of the exhibition, and pence and halfpence are tossed into the ring by the crowd, which are picked up, counted, and reported, by the young woman to the athlete, who struts around his ring, proudly displaying the muscle of his strong right arm, while, after the manner of an auctioneer, he cheers and encourages his audience to renewed and greater efforts in the way of material aid. By slow degrees the offertory reaches at last the sum of about two and sixpence, the last additions coming in as slowly as the last bids at the sale of a valuable piece of real-estate. Then comes another struggle with the spectators, from whose number the other performer must needs come, or the play cannot go on. At last an energetic young man volunteers to tie the knots, who steps in and goes bravely to work, as one who knew the ropes, and ties the hero round his neck, ties his hands together behind his back, his feet, his legs, his arms, passes the rope over his shoulders, between his legs, over him and under him, and everywhere on his person that a rope can possibly be made to go, and ties a good hard knot everywhere and anywhere, till all the twenty or forty yards are used up, when he gracefully retires again into the ranks of the spectators. Now the athlete, who is arrayed like the Hanlon Brothers, begins to writhe, and twist, and bow, and bend; back, head, arms, legs, and every thing in his body that can twist, or writhe, or bend, does so, with wonderful vigor, for some minutes, until at last some one loop is conquered, and all the others quickly give way, and in a few minutes the performer stands untrammelled and free before us, and gathers up his rope and other baggage of all sorts, going to some other part of the square to repeat his performance before a new crowd.

On the front platform of another great van (as every large vehicle is called here), two little girls in pink dresses, all bespangled and trimmed with tawdry flowers, in dirty kid slippers and tights, once flesh-colored (though now more resembling the flesh-color of the African than that of the Caucasian), are capering nimbly through dances faintly resembling polkas and redows, to the sounding strains of a bugle and big drum. The little girls retire, and the showman then calls out "the most wonderful horse in all England," which trots out upon the platform, and executes several tricks as a specimen of what he does within. Allured by these samples of the wonders to be seen inside, a few men and girls march boldly up the steps (for the doors are about to close), pay their twopence, and the doors of the temple of wonders are shut upon them.

As it grows later, these booths and stalls blaze with flaring lamps, and the crowd waxes thicker and the mirth rougher, for the beer-shops are numerous, and a steady stream of patrons, women as well as men, are steadily pouring in and out of their open doors. Yet it is a good-natured crowd. There is no fighting, no brawling, but, on the other hand, much of the courtesy of manner that marks the intercourse of the English people, and, indeed, of all Europeans, and distinguishes them somewhat from us on the other side of the water. Our own apparent lack of this sort of form proceeds, it seems to me, from the fact of the absolute civil equality of every man to every other. We have no obsequious servility of manner from any man to another, where no distinction of rank obtains, and no condescending patronage from any superior to one whom he conceives to be beneath him would be tolerated with us. Thus, with us, where all are equal, we see neither of these extremes, but, instead, a sort of silent proclamation from every man to every other that he is as good as another, no better and no worse, no greater and no less. I do not believe that anywhere in America would any living man be looked upon with the veneration with which I saw a crowd of London cockneys gaping at a tawdry vehicle which a by-stander told me, with something like awe, was the carriage of the lord-mayor!

So I satisfied my curiosity as to what a Mop might be, and, leaving the crowd to their sports and the dances that were to crown the labors and pleasures of the day, pursued my way homeward. How far the Statute Fair is a real occasion of letting and hiring at the present day, or how far it is a mere day of merry-making of the neighboring rural population, I could not learn; but the custom is, as I was told, beginning to fall into disuse, and no longer has the approval of the more sensible heads of families, on account of the manifest opportunities presented to the young men and women who make a part of their rural households to be led into temptations that were better shunned. It may, therefore, not be many years longer that the traveller can see this lively performance in real life of the leading feature of the opera of "Martha."

HENRY WARR.

TABLE-TALK.

THE demoralization that seems to affect the administration of municipal affairs in this country has aroused a popular sentiment that will be certain to work favorable changes. But no permanent remedy for malfeasance in office can be secured that is not based upon a reform in methods. A public sentiment that is quick and stern in condemnation of all forms of dishonesty will do much to purify official service; but this alone will not be sufficient to accomplish radical good. We must so reform our methods that, by natural and inevitable tendency, the best men will be advanced to office. Affairs have been so managed that only speculators and adventurers are now willing to accept or able to afford city offices. We complain of the corruption of the bench; but our narrowness and parsimony have rendered it almost impossible for men of conspicuous ability to accept the emine. No successful lawyer in New York could fill the office of judge without consenting to surrender one-half or three-fourths of his customary income. Our parsimony has not only excluded honest, capable men from municipal office, but we have, by habits of derision, by calumnies uttered without regard to probability or truth, by a set habit of denouncing every official with malicious virulence irrespective of his merits, rendered public place the last thing men of honor or personal pride could accept. We have taken apparently unlimited pains to so bring official position into contempt that nearly all good men have been driven from our councils, and the doors invitingly opened for the admission of the unscrupulous, and for those who would consent to accept the obloquy of place because of the opportunities it afforded for profit and plunder. The public have thus deliberately connived at bringing about the present condition of affairs, and largely deserve what they suffer. Political reform must proceed from two things we have named—a sterner public sentiment in regard to dishonest transactions, and a better public appreciation of and respect for public office. The former can only proceed from an elevation of public tone, which the pulpit, the press, and the platform, should labor to bring about. The latter can only be secured by filling public offices with a high class of officials; and these can be secured solely by surrounding office with greater dignity, and bestowing upon it higher emoluments. Until recently, many a bank-teller, book-keeper, or merchant's clerk, was paid higher wages than were received by the mayor of a great city like New York. There are also some reforms needed, we think, in our methods of electing officials. The larger the constituency, the less opportunity is there for wire-pullers and local politicians to operate; the fewer the offices, and the greater the responsibility attached to them, the more likely to secure superior incumbents. The mayoralty of a great city like New York should be an office of high dignity and large responsibility; it should have liberal emoluments; it should be so elevated in character that men of position would aspire to fill it. The public

will in a very small measure do its duty if it contents itself at this juncture in mere denunciations of corrupt officials; it must recognize that it is largely responsible in itself for the scandalous transactions that have come to light, and that reform, to be thorough, must begin with the source and springs of power.

— The world of art owes to Miss Cushman a debt of gratitude. Her return to the stage restores to us that grand art which has been nearly lost to the theatre, and affords us once more an opportunity of witnessing the highest and best expression of dramatic genius. The palmest days of the drama probably never saw any thing better than Miss Cushman's performances during the past few weeks at Booth's Theatre, in this city. The best judges confidently believe that not even Mrs. Siddons could have transcended the supreme excellence of her Queen Katharine. Of course, it is quite impossible to compare accurately the traditions of a performance with a vivid and living representation; but it must be remembered that tradition is often more potent than immediate impression, and that usually the living actor has to contend with cherished and somewhat exaggerated reminiscences. In the vistas of the imagination, the remote does not dwindle into the minute, but rather swells and expands into undue proportions. But it is idle to inquire whether Miss Cushman's Queen Katharine is equal or superior to Mrs. Siddons's, so long as it satisfies every exaction of the most critical spirit, and is presented to us with a fulness of conception and mastery of art, such as nothing in recent dramatic experience can equal. It is a great performance. It is one not only to admire, but one to study. It exhibits the profoundest analysis of the character, the largest insight into human nature, an entire mastery of the author's meaning in every line and phrase, and a method of rendition which is not of any school but the school of Nature. Miss Cushman, in her long retirement, has matured and mellowed her art. If she is less fiery and vehement than in her earlier days, the strong concentration of her emotions is more effective and intense. Her smooth and mellow voice rises in great situations to a sonorous volume that is entirely without harshness or mere noise; it is instinct with passionate feeling, and sympathetic in every gradation and tone. Her delivery of language is something that every actor in the land ought to thoroughly study. The clear enunciation sends the lowest utterance to the remotest ear, while every shade of rendering is accurately marked. It is simply delightful to hear her speak. She has no unmeaning cadences, no affectations of any kind, while her exquisite management of emphasis and inflection illuminates her author, and sheds light upon every line. In only one thing do we detect an unfavorable influence of the old school of art; in gesture she is too exuberant. This, no doubt, partly arises from a nervous and susceptible temperament, but it is a fault that marks all of the old actors and many of the new. Public speakers of all kinds are apt to saw the air too much. "Suit the action to the word" is the old instruction, but a better art would detect that gesture may in many

instances be advantageously repressed altogether. Miss Cushman's Queen Katharine presents with equal felicity the dignity of the wronged queen, the gentleness of the sorrowing woman, the pride of the unblemished wife; it reflects all the variable feeling of the tried and persecuted woman with an accuracy and fulness which render the performance a masterly portraiture of character, and afford to the spectator the keenest and highest pleasure the dramatic art is capable of rendering.

— Here is a new topic for the Fourth-of-July orator, which, in the dearth of original sentiments, should prove a blessing to him. The extent of our territory and the wonders of our progress, the invention of steamboats and the telegraph, and a thousand other assuagers of human toil, our example of liberty and democracy, the exceptional grandeur of our historical characters—are these not worn somewhat threadbare? To these, as a new and grateful spice, or rather as a fresh stream added to the somewhat turgid river of his eloquence, may be added the glory of furnishing the far East with a supply of native statesmanship. Japan, after we know not how many centuries of ideal conservatism, wakes up suddenly in this latter half of the nineteenth century, and sends to America for officials to reform her foreign, financial, and economical departments, overlooking the European schools of diplomacy and finance without ceremony, and seeking in the far West the aid in which she stands in need to give her institutions a modern use and complexion. The "old-line" Tories of Japan must twirl their petticoats and tear their fans in hopeless despair, as they see that great American traveller, Mr. Seward, actually admitted to the mysterious and sacred presence of the hitherto invisible Mikado; and there must be weeping and gnashing of teeth in the mansions of the Japanese "lovers of order" (as the French say) when they behold an inundation of American officials in broadcloth and patent-leather boots, and their assumption of the places before held by the exalted and sublime princes of the empire. This is perhaps a dangerous step which the revolutionary radicals, who now seem to be dominant in Japan, have taken; and the bery of gentlemen who have gone out from our State and Treasury Departments to take offices at Jeddo may find their task a personally perilous, as well as a mentally difficult one. But this appeal from the farthest and most ancient East, which has been studying the art of government from the remotest antiquity, to the young and stalwart strippling of the West, for aid and comfort in this very art, is poetically and practically suggestive, and well worthy a carefully-elaborated rhetorical period from our platforms on Independence Day. It is an important step toward a familiarity of intercourse which will be of the utmost commercial benefit to the two countries. Japan has long been courted by the English and other European powers, but has proved herself a coy maiden, and has sometimes shown an unamiable capacity of scratching. Does she find in her American courtiers a *suaviter in modo* wanting in the rest of her would-be admirers? The world is getting to be so small, and all parts of it are growing so near to each other

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by reason of steam and electricity, that the bonds between nations become of more practical importance every day; besides, let us confess that our vanity is touched by the selection of Americans for the Japanese foreign office and treasury, instead of our European rivals.

— The souls of the English faithful have been deeply stirred by an event startling enough to make Laud and Tillotson rise protesting from their tombs. The Established Church is scandalized by the contumacious misconduct of one of its own high-priests. For far less offences clergymen have been condemned, and their surplices torn from their backs by consecrated hands. What must have been the sensation produced in a thousand English rectories when a paragraph appeared in the newspapers that the Archbishop of York—the possessor of the most ancient of English dignities—had preached in a Scotch Presbyterian church! But this was not the worst. The audacious prelate not only stood in a “meeting-house,” and preached from a pulpit desecrated every Sabbath morning and evening by schismatic exhortations, but he used the Presbyterian form of worship instead of the “Established-Church” ritual! Now, every aspirant for “holy orders” in England solemnly vows that “I will use the form in the Prayer-book prescribed, in public prayer and the administration of the sacraments, and none other.” And the penalty attached for infringing this promise is well calculated to strike the candidate with awe: “Every clergyman who shall use any other rite, ceremony, order, form, or manner of celebrating the Lord’s Supper, or other open prayer, is liable to be indicted.” Yet, Archbishop Thomson, who is by no means a Low Churchman, mingled the Presbyterian service with that of the Prayer-book, and gave out “the Hundredth Psalm,” and dispensed with “responses,” and pronounced an *extempore* benediction, and announced the rite of baptism according to the formula of the Scottish Kirk. Is he to be excused on the Shakespearian plea of extenuation that “much in the officer is choleric which in the soldier is rank blasphemy?” and will his grace the archbishop roam free, exulting in his heresy, while simple reverends, like Voysey and Purchas, were summarily tried by a sort of ecclesiastical court-martial, and driven headlong from the sanctuary? His grace, indeed, went to still further lengths. He quietly left his mitre, lawn sleeves, and surplice, at home in his wardrobe, at Bishopsthorpe Palace, and appeared in the Presbyterian pulpit “dressed in ordinary walking-garb”—perhaps—terrible thought!—in a tweed tourist-suit! What an iconoclast this high Tory and High-Church archbishop is, perhaps unconsciously, proving himself to be! What would Archbishop Laud have said, if he had been asked to hold forth—and without his rubric and canonicals—in a “meeting-house?” With what countenance, after this, will his grace meet his offended brethren? For herein is wielded the power of a bold example, which must infect the Church, from its highest dignitaries down to its shabby curates, who are starving on forty pounds a year. It is a pregnant sign of the times, and seems to forecast

a better and broader era of brotherly goodwill among the sects; and that, some people think, is a thing most needful.

— We are still without copy of “Good-bye, Sweetheart!” and once more must apologize to our readers for the delay in its appearance. Our contract with the English publishers of this novel stipulated that we should receive the chapters two months in advance of the current publication in London. We have received and published all of the instalment that appeared in the October number of the English magazine in which it is published, and a greater part of that which will appear in the November number. The occasion of the delay in forwarding us the continuation of the story arises, we believe, from the backwardness of the author in furnishing manuscript. We shall be enabled to print our weekly instalments, and complete the story, in advance of its publication in England, notwithstanding the present delay, which we trust will not occur again during the continuance of the story.

Literary Notes.

WE copy from the Boston *Traveller* the following appreciative notice of “Tancred,” which is evidently from the pen of C. C. Hazewell, one of the ablest of American critics: “D. Appleton & Co. have placed Mr. Disraeli’s ‘Tancred’ in their Library of Choice Novels—and they could not have placed a better work in that excellent collection. ‘Tancred’ appeared a quarter of a century ago, when the world was a very different world from what it is in this year 1871, and yet the story is as fresh and as vivid to-day as it was in those long-departed days when Nicholas was Czar of all the Russias, and Louis Philippe King of the French, and when Lord Palmerston was years before his first premiership, and it will be just as fresh and vivid a century hence, when even German William and Bismarck will be no more to men then living than Frederick the Great and his ministers are to us. It is the last of the Young-England novels, the others being ‘Coningsby’ and ‘Sybil,’ and the three are the author’s best works, though ‘Vivian Grey’ deserves to rank with them in point of interest and vivacity. There is something exquisite in the very conception of ‘Tancred.’ The young man Tancred, by courtesy Marquis of Montacute, is the only son of the Duke of Bellamont; and he is not only a Young-Englander, but the very flower of the white-waistcoated order of young gentlemen who had conceived the brilliant idea of reforming the world and restoring the golden age and the ages of faith by setting back the hands of the Clock of Time three or four centuries. He has the religious sentiment so strongly developed that he determines to visit the Holy Land, not as a tourist, but as a veritable pilgrim—to return a genuine palmer—to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of his Saviour. Six centuries before, an ancestor of his, who had taken part in that most famous of throat-cutting expeditions, the First Crusade, had visited Palestine, and, after killing the requisite number of Saracens, had knelt for three days and three nights at the tomb that once, for a brief space, had held the body of the Prince of Peace, the founder of that faith which teaches forgiveness of injuries and forbids bloodshed. The announcement of his

purpose astonishes his father and his mother, who, though rigidly orthodox Christians, are not the less persons of the nineteenth century, and aware that pilgrimage is as obsolete as the long-bow. Much of the interest of the novel turns upon their endeavors to bring their enthusiastic boy down to the level of ordinary life, and, but for the fact that the young Crusader and Pilgrim happened to fall in love with a beautiful married woman who was speculating in railways—Hudson then was king in the Monarchy of Mammon—and was ruined through the failure of the broad gauge, they might have got the nonsense out of his mind. He entered society, and what he saw there, and the kind of life there led, was bringing him into whatever of property in sanity belonged to him, when the shock of the discovery that Lady Bertie and Bellair was a gambler on the Bourse brought back his mission to his mind, and to Palestine he went, if not like his dead-and-gone progenitor, or even like the young Dunois, yet quite as cracked as either of those immortal and immaculate worthies. ‘Partant pour la Syrie’ meant with him neither fighting nor loving, neither going to battle nor coming to the scratch, but a downright pilgrimage, though made in a yacht that has all the luxuries that belong to sea-life patricially pursued. Rather more than a third of the work is given to Lord Montacute’s English experiences, and to our mind it is the best part of it, though the Eastern scenes are admirable, and the conversation is superb. Tancred did pass a night by the Holy Sepulchre, taking the matter easier by two-thirds than it had been taken by his crusading ancestor (who seems to have been an anticipation of the actor, mentioned by Mr. V. Crummles, who blacked himself all over when he played Othello), and afterward he visited others of those sacred places the mere names of which cause the blood to thrill; but the men of the East did not understand him, and could not comprehend his enthusiasm, or faith, call it which you will, and they thought he was a politician from the West bent on doing something about the Eastern question, which was the same engrossing thing in those days, when Tancred was two-and-twenty, and had flowing locks and a waving beard, that it is now, when he is fifty-two, and has a bald head, and wears chin-chilla whiskers and a gray mustache. There is capital fun in the contrast between the young Englishman and the young Emir Fakreddeen of Lebanon, the latter being a true son of the East and anxious to turn every thing to his own peculiar purpose, which is a Western as well as an Eastern idea. Of course, Tancred falls in with, and falls in love with, lovely ladies in Syria, and Eva rather distances him in argument; and then there is Astarte, Queen of the Ansarey, as Tancred visits that strange people—for he is as susceptible where ladies are concerned as ever his crusading ancestor could have been. All through the story you have the impression that the author is laughing at his hero, as Cervantes laughs at Don Quixote, even while respecting him. The worst thing about the novel is that it is left unfinished, and it is a pity that Mr. Disraeli does not devote his leisure, now that he is out of office, to the pleasing task of completing it. Tancred, as Duke of Bellamont, and taking part in British politics, would be a capital portrait for such an artist as his creator ever is when using either tongue or pen. But, whatever its faults, the story is a charming one, and distances all the novels of the time; for, somehow or other, men do not seem to write so well as they did when the century was younger, and had not become so taken up with wars and revolutions.”

D. Appleton & Co. have recently received at their store, Nos. 549 and 551 Broadway, a collection of nearly seven thousand volumes of rare and valuable books, made expressly for them by an agent of competent judgment, sent out for the purpose, who has spent the summer in ransacking the book-stores of the principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland, and has returned with what is probably the finest selection of books ever brought at one time to this country for sale. Among these works are the following: "The Publications of the Percy Society," in thirty volumes, bound in polished calf; this unrivalled collection of English ballad-literature was issued by the Percy Society only for its members, and was sold only to subscribers; this copy is in perfect condition. An original copy of "Hogarth's Works," published in 1764—the year in which the great satirical painter died; it is a folio, in perfect condition, bound in half morocco. "Roberts's Holy Land;" an unusually fine copy of this beautiful work, perfectly clean and fresh, in three folio volumes, superbly bound in rich crimson morocco, with colored plates. "The Vernon Gallery," in four volumes, folio, including a volume on sculpture; very early impressions. "Broekeden's Passes of the Alps," in one volume, folio, bound in morocco; the plates of this volume are proof-impressions, with the artist's name on each illustration. "The Monuments, Churches, etc., of Spain;" three volumes, folio, half morocco; the illustrations of this great work are in the highest style of the art of engraving. "The Great Schools of England: Harrow, Eton, Winchester," etc.; one volume, quarto, with colored plates. "Caulfield's Remarkable Characters;" five volumes, quarto, in fine polished calf, with authentic portraits of the persons named in the work; the fifth volume is very rare, the work generally being found in only four volumes; this copy is on large paper, and is unusually valuable. "Lanzi's Painting;" a splendid copy on large paper, six volumes, half morocco. "Speeches of the Great Orators of England," including Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Erskine, Windham, Canning, Peel, and many others; this copy is a very fine and scarce one, in sixty-seven volumes, octavo, tree-calf. "Charles Knight's London," in six volumes, octavo, bound in half russa, extra, and illustrated with several hundred additional plates inserted. "Gibbon's Works," in eighteen volumes; a very fine copy, in large type, half morocco. "Lord Lindsay's Christian Art;" three volumes, calf; a valuable and scarce work; the best authority on the subject of which it treats. "The Nuremberg Chronicle;" a unique colored copy of this very rare and curious work of the fifteenth century; one of the earliest monuments of the art of printing. Besides these works, the collection comprises magnificent editions of Shakespeare and of Scott; fine copies in various styles of binding; and also fine copies of the scenery of Scotland, of Syria, of the Danube, of America, etc., and of almost all the standard English authors, including several very scarce collections of English poetry and English novels. In the aggregate, these books must have cost about forty thousand dollars, and they would of themselves form an admirable library for a man of taste and fortune.—*New-York Tribune*.

"If the revolution has done nothing else for Spain," says the *Athenaeum*, "it has given a wonderful impetus to the book-trade. To judge by the increase in the number of book-sellers' shops in Madrid—to say nothing of the open-air stalls, whose well-garnished shelves

would put to shame many a similar establishment in Oxford Street—every man in Madrid must spend his entire day in reading. But a few years ago, two or three booksellers sufficed for Madrid; now you find half a dozen in every street. The books exposed in the windows are not, indeed, of the highest order of literature, but in many cases are very interesting, as showing the comparative infancy of the nation in such matters. Elementary treatises on political economy, philosophy, and various social subjects, occupy prominent positions, and little labels asserting their novelty recommend them to the attention of the buyer. These windows are generally thronged with spectators, as much so as the print and photograph shops of Paris. Translations of every possible French work, good or bad—more usually the latter—also abound, and Florey and Maldonado are in great request; but the novelty of the day is an edition of the complete works of Plato, translated for the first time into Spanish, by Don Patricio Azcarate. A certain number of violently revolutionary and infidel publications are to be seen in most of the shops; but, by way of a counterpoise, we may add that the Bible Society of London has no less than two large shops at Madrid, which have been established, we understand, with the most complete success."

The *Saturday Review* closes a review of Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust," which in the main is highly favorable, with the following comments in regard to the philosophical character of Goethe's intellect: "We are glad to see, from the introduction and the excellent notes which Mr. Taylor has added to the translation, that, while recognizing all the painstaking researches of German critics of 'Faust,' he persistently regards the work as art, and not as philosophy. Although Goethe's mind here and elsewhere, as in the romances, tended toward themes of high speculative interest, it was always their dramatic and poetic sides which attracted him. It is curious to observe, as we learn, indeed, from Mr. Taylor's notes, how great an antipathy Goethe always manifested to pure metaphysical speculation. The real attitude of his mind toward theology, as well as his views on many of the topics of life and culture suggested in the 'Faust,' are illustrated in a very interesting manner by Mr. Taylor from a wide and careful study of the poet's correspondence and conversations. Mr. Taylor is bold enough, with all his veneration—an idea of which may be derived from the very creditable Schiller-esque lines, 'An Goethe,' at the opening of the volume—to subject the intellect of the Weimar deity to a psychological inquiry; and we think he has succeeded in carrying on the work begun by Mr. Lewes, that of assisting us to understand the growth, as well as to admire the proportions, of the greatest German intellect."

The first volume of the new Bible Commentary, under the editorship of the Rev. F. C. Cook, Canon of Exeter, has appeared from the press of Charles Scribner & Co. It contains the books of the Pentateuch. This work originated with the Right Hon. Mr. Denison, Speaker of the House of Commons, who believed "that in the midst of much controversy about the Bible, in which the laity could not help feeling a lively interest, even where they took no more active part, there was a want of some commentary upon the Sacred Books, in which the latest information might be made accessible to men of ordinary culture. It seemed desirable that every educated man should have access to some work which might

enable him to understand what the original Scriptures really say and mean, and in which he might find an explanation of any difficulties which his own mind suggests, as well as of any new objections raised against a particular book or passage." The project was submitted to the Archbishop of York, who undertook to form a company of divines whose *status* fitted them for the task, and the Rev. Mr. Cook was chosen general editor. As the result of these labors, which were commenced seven years ago, we now have the first volume in the books of the Pentateuch.

"The Lands of Scott," by James F. Hunnewell, is an exhaustive work by an author who has made the study of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott one of the great objects of his life. He thinks it necessary to account to his readers in his preface for his publishing "another book about travel in Europe." He could not have a better justification than is found in the plan of his book. "The Lands of Scott" are the scenes of his poems and tales, and are of very wide extent, including, as the author says, "nearly all the shires of Scotland, much of England, a part of Wales, the Isle of Man, France, Spain, Belgium, the valley of the Upper Rhine, Switzerland, and even the far East." Nearly all of these places the author has visited. His method has been to give an account of each work, with a summary of its contents, and a special description of the scenery of the localities to which it introduces the reader; all of which is very well done. Mr. Hunnewell, though an ardent admirer of Scott, does not fail to exercise upon his works a judicious criticism.

"The Life and Times of Amos Kendall," says the *Literary World*, "soon to be published by Lee & Shepard, will be one of the most notable books of the year. Few men have been so long or so conspicuous in public life as was Mr. Kendall, and the story of his life is, in great part, the history of the times in which he lived. He was the intimate friend of many famous statesmen long since dead, reminiscences of whom abound in this volume. Mr. Kendall's career as editor, statesman, and politician, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of our country. The early pages of the book, mainly written by himself, and which describe his boyhood, his course at Dartmouth College, and the first years of his residence in Kentucky, are as readable as a novel. His student-life was full of excitement and dramatic incidents."

A new edition of Darwin's celebrated "Naturalist's Voyage around the World"—a voyage which he made forty years ago in H. M. ship *Beagle*, which the British Government sent out for scientific purposes—has just been issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. in a handsome 12mo volume, uniform in style with "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," by the same author. This book first made Mr. Darwin famous, and ever since its publication has been of recognized authority in geology and natural history. But, besides its high value as a scientific work, it is one of the most entertaining of the books of travel and of voyage which form so large and so agreeable a feature of English literature. The present edition has been carefully revised and much improved by the author.

"Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1785 to 1848," edited by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, will appear shortly. The work will fill five or six octavo volumes, uniform in size and style

with the papers of John Adams already published, and is designed to "serve as a substitute for a biography at one time contemplated." "The diary begins with Mr. Adams's appointment by President Washington as minister to the States of Holland, in 1795, and includes sixteen years of his diplomatic service in that country, in Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain, and in the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent. It likewise embraces the whole of his later labors in posts of the highest responsibility at home, down to the termination of his career in the halls of Congress, on the 22d of February, 1848."

The new edition of Dickens's works, published in London in penny weekly numbers, has met with one of the most remarkable literary successes on record. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the first weekly issue were sold. This edition is printed on a broad, handsome page, in type of good size, and is profusely illustrated with a series of new and very effective designs. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish an American issue of this edition, not in numbers, however, after the English method, but with each novel complete in a volume. "Oliver Twist," the first of the series, has appeared.

"Morton House," by the author of "Valerie Aylmer"—the novel which for many months past has been appearing in the *JOURNAL*—is at length complete, and has been issued in book-form. To those who have read it as a serial, it needs no commendation. But to those who will now take it up for the first time, we can safely say that they will find it graceful and agreeable, the characters well drawn, the dialogue lively and natural, the story well contrived, and the interest strongly sustained. The scene is laid in South Carolina before the civil war, and the story is purely a domestic romance without reference to politics or any other controverted question.

"The first and fifth volumes of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,'" says the *Athenaeum*, "are out of print, and the other volumes nearly so. In the first volume of the uniform octavo edition of his works now in preparation, Mr. Ruskin has declared his intention to reprint very little of his 'Modern Painters,' as his opinions have changed so much since the days in which he wrote that book. This resolution has, we hear, already led to the importation of copies of the American reprint of the favorite first volume of the 'Modern Painters.'"

"My Winter in Cuba" is of interest to all readers, and of value to those who desire information in regard to Cuba as a residence for invalids. The author tells us that we "may find elsewhere more graphic descriptions of Cuban scenery, combined with accurate tables of her statistics, and profound views of her politics; but he will find no work that opens to him so frankly the doors of Cuban homes, and allows him to watch the inner currents of Cuban life." Dutton & Co., publishers.

Mr. William Winter, who is so well known as one of the most graceful and capable of art and dramatic critics, has published a collection of minor poems under the general title of "My Witness: a Book of Verse." The longest and probably the best poem in the collection, although it is printed last, is "The World's Martyr," which exhibits a true poetic spirit. The opening poem, "Orgia," and the second, "Letha," seem to us also specially worthy of comment.

Miscellany.

Country Life for Women.

MRS. HENRIETTA FIELD, a woman of distinguished intelligence and force of character, wife of Dr. Field, editor of the New-York *Evangelist*, recently gave a very suggestive and charming address in Stockbridge before a society formed for the purpose of beautifying the town. Her subject was "Country Life for Women," and the following extract will be read with special interest:

"Our country life has lost a great deal of its simplicity; for many it is only of a few months, but its full charm is for those who round the year in its quiet succession of pleasures and duties.

"In the country, whatever her circumstances of fortune, woman finds that which is an imperative want of her nature—a *refined home*. In a city, if poor, she cannot escape, or shield her children from the noisy, vulgar life swarming around her; the tenement-lodging or the second-rate boarding-house only remain to her. But under a pure sky, in a balmy atmosphere, the humblest cottage nestling at the foot of the mountain, or under the shadow of one of our majestic elms, can be the fitted home, I will not say of a lady—the word is associated with too many vulgar pretensions—but of a gentlewoman. This just equality between the cottage and the more costly residence establishes at once easy social relations. If the circumstances of position and education may modify them, they never alter the kind feeling which renders the name of neighbor almost synonymous with friend.

"And how this kind feeling shelters and helps woman in the whole course of her life! She may be sorrowful and lonely; but she never will know utter *isolation*; from her lips will never come this saddest wail of the human heart, 'Nobody cares for me!' She never watches alone by the bed of sickness of her beloved; women, true sisters, are there to share her sad vigils. Tender hearts see that want adds nothing to her burden of anxious thoughts. And, if the great agony comes, she does not go alone to the grave where her treasures are laid. Rich and poor, old and young, march with her in the sad procession. In the solitary home, shrouded in the deep shadow of widowhood, she is not left desolate. It is true the great rush of life passes her by, and she is alone. But she knows that she is neither forgotten nor neglected. Patiently bearing her burden, she dreads nothing for the dark future: she can never want friends.

"Whatever may be said of women's feelings toward each other, these littlenesses are almost always an under-current, which the mighty wave of kindness easily overleaps. Women are *solidaires* to each other; no joy, no trouble comes to one, but it sends to the heart of all a thrill of sympathy, and this beautiful sisterhood lasts to the grave. To me who did not know the custom, it was inexpressibly touching to see here women walking beside the bier as pall-bearers at the funeral of a woman, irrespective of worldly distinction, paying in deep reverence this last homage to the dignity of womanhood.

"I do not know even my next-door neighbor is one of the common boasts of the residents of cities. This may do very well in a row of brown-stone houses; but it is cold comfort in a village. I *want* to know my neighbor, and, moreover, I *must*. We are dependent on each other in a thousand ways; and, if not in kind feeling, this dependence

may assert itself very unpleasantly. On woman the harmony of a neighborhood depends a great deal. She gives the impulse to the social relations of the place; her tact may conciliate all little asperities as easily as her temper may exaggerate them in bitter discord."

High-heeled Boots.

The following is from the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*: "It is worthy of note that, while a malignant hatred of Chinese, individually, is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies, to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of the present day. The repulsive hump, the crippled feet, and the mincing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Darwinian theory of the origin of the species from monkeys, at least give the appearance of retrograding monkeyward. The dress, uncouth and deforming as it is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of corn-doctors, in the interest of their trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times. Women whose pedals are solidified may escape with corns, of which we hope and pray they may have a full and a tender crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have their toes jammed into the points of their boots, to do the work of heels, and that their legs should be thrown out of the natural balance, and the pliant bones bent into semicircles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots. Should the wicked custom hold a few years, there will not be a decent foot or an æsthetic leg in our female population, except among washer-women and the like. And all this is a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine, and chest, by the constrained attitude which the abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws, and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of high-heeled boots."

The Englishman abroad.

The first plunge of the British tourist is commonly a railway journey of a day and a half on end. It seems to him a striking display of English energy to fling himself into a carriage at Charing Cross, and get his first snooze in bed at Lucerne. He carries with him, too, a national determination "not to be done." His life, as he wanders from hotel to hotel, is one long warfare upon earth. He piques himself upon knowing tariffs, upon beating down guides to half-price, or denouncing innkeepers to "Boedeker" and the *Times*, or securing "return carriages." He scribbles his name everywhere, and leaves his opinion of the place and its accommodation in every saloon. He is determined to see every thing and to do every thing that anybody has ever seen or done. He scrambles up mountains in mist and rain, that he may say he has been there, and correct a blunder in "Murray." He arrives at Venice with the sights systematically arranged, and piques himself on doing his four churches before breakfast. He is always discovering new objects of interest which no guide-book mentions, exploding the fallacies

of preceding travellers, advising and warping the follow-voyagers he meets against the misrepresentations of guides and couriers. He inquires after your route, and comforts you by his assurance that you have missed the very thing best worth seeing in the whole journey. He drops in fresh from a long walking-tour, and at once covers the table with letters home. His loud talk, his louder jokes, his air of self-satisfaction, all reveal his conviction that for two months or so in the year the earth is given over to the children of Britain, and that the greatest honor an Englishman can pay to the other countries of the world is to walk through them with a knapsack.

A Turkish Breakfast.

A Turkish breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pillau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: A great round plate of metal, with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates, or knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkin, are often recurred to. Before you an attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly-embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.

Lord Shaftesbury, in a speech at Glasgow on mission-chapels, good books, city buildings, and civilization generally, told a good story to illustrate the difficulty of housing the people well: "There was an abominable district in London inhabited by Irish. He selected a house, and persuaded the inmates—an Irish family—to allow him, at some expense, to whitewash the walls, and make the place as tidy and comfortable as possible. They consented. A short time afterward he went there, and any thing more begrimed than the appearance of the house, more shocking to any person caring for decency, he could not conceive. He said, 'What on earth is this?' and the reply was, 'Plaze, your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable, that I sent for the sweep, and axed him to give us a few warm touches.'" Is it not just possible that the Irishman told the truth, that his taste was offended by the monotonous color, and not his love of dirt; that, in fact, he employed the only substitute for a creeper he could think of?

The total expenses of the Mont Cenis Tunnel amount to 6,000,000 francs; of these, 20,000,000 francs are to be contributed by the Victor Emmanuel Railway, or Railway of Northern Italy. This sum is to be paid on or before the opening of the tunnel. The French Government was to pay 19,000,000 francs if the work was accomplished within twenty years, reckoning from 1892. But if the work was accomplished at an earlier date, France bound herself to pay 500,000 francs more for every

year gained upon the stipulated time. As there have been eleven years thus gained, France will have to pay 5,500,000 francs besides the 19,000,000 francs of the original stipulation. She has, besides, to pay five per cent. interest on the money due for the work as it proceeded from year to year. Thus Italy will pay something less than 20,000,000 francs. Had the construction of the tunnel continued beyond the stipulated term of twenty years, Italy would have lost 500,000 francs for every year in excess of that period.

The Vendôme Column.

The Column of the Place Vendôme, in Paris, pulled down by the Communists, is to be restored, and the expense, it is said, will not be more than sixty thousand dollars. The destruction of the monument was not so complete as was supposed. It seems that of two hundred and seventy-four bronze plates which covered the trunk of the column, ten at the most require slight repairs. The small statue of Victory which Napoleon held in his hand, a few bars of the balustrade, and some pieces of the capital, have disappeared. But this is all, and even of the old stonework at least a third can be used over again. M. Garnier pleads strongly for the replacing of the statue of Napoleon on the top of the column. Without this, he says, the whole monument is ridiculous, and could only be compared to the column of Trajan, at Rome, with the statue of St. Peter on its summit.

Foreign Items.

GENERAL WIMPFEN, the general who signed the capitulation of Sedan, and was afterward a prisoner of war in Germany, has written a most interesting book on what he heard and saw during the war. Of the Emperor William, whom he repeatedly met, he says: "This gifted monarch possesses so much energy that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he despises all dangers, and undergoes the greatest fatigues. He possesses, moreover, a quality which makes great princes, and with which Louis XIV. was also endowed—namely, he knows how to select such men as are capable of assisting him in his mission. He raises them up, and vigilantly sees to it that no obstacles impede their activity; he encourages them, awards due praise to them, and does not deprive them in any way of their glory. In this respect, as in all other things, he is far superior to Napoleon III."

The *Gartenlaube* publishes an amusing article on the theatrical *claque* in Berlin, in which the following is related about Mdle. Vestval, the female Hamlet: "She wanted to have bouquets and wreaths thrown to her. I demanded twenty dollars for it, which she said was too much for one night. But I explained the whole thing to her. 'Madame,' I said, 'the twenty dollars are sufficient for two weeks. To-day, I and my men will throw the bouquets to you from the first tier. After the performance is over, I shall take the flowers home with me in a basket, put them in water, and leave them there all night and the following day. To-morrow night, no one in the audience will find out that the bouquets have been used before.' Thereupon she paid me the sum I had demanded."

It is said that, whenever Giacomo Meyerbeer, the composer, prepared a new opera for the Parisian stage, he consulted frequently Auguste, the famous chief of the *claque*, on the impression which the leading pieces would

make upon the audience, and generally followed the suggestions which the *claqueur* made. After hearing the overture to the "Prophet" at the last rehearsal, Auguste said to Meyerbeer "That is a dangerous piece."

"Do you think so?" asked Meyerbeer.

"I am satisfied of it," was the reply. "If your friends will undertake to applaud it, my men will join them; but I cannot answer for any thing."

"Then," said Meyerbeer, "I will omit the overture; you know more about such things than I."

The overture was omitted. It was afterward played at various concerts, but always coldly received by the audience. Auguste was right.

When Prince Bismarck travelled recently in South Germany, he conversed with a distinguished member of the old-Catholic party, who had just returned from the Heidelberg convention. "Prince," asked the delegate, "how do you like the programme we have adopted at Heidelberg?" The answer was: "Talk less; act! strike!"

Count Benedetti, the former ambassador of France at the Prussian court, whose interview with William I. at Ems precipitated the French declaration of war, has sued for libel seven German authors and journalists, among them Clara Mundt (Louisa Mühlbach) and Hans Wachenhusen.

The largest salary which any French journalist receives at the present time is paid to Edmond About, of the *Paris Soir*. He gets forty thousand francs a year. Emile de Girardin receives twenty-five thousand francs for writing daily one column of editorial matter in the *Liberté*.

Collecting post-stamps, which a few years ago had become almost a mania on the European Continent, has entirely died out. Collections which were once estimated at one thousand dollars can now be purchased for one hundred dollars and less at Leipzig and Stuttgart.

When a Danish traveller asked the King of Bavaria, recently, if Bavaria would make further sacrifices of her sovereignty to the German empire, the king laughingly replied: "My dear sir, do not talk to me about politics. You do not know how tired I am of that subject."

The Prussian staff-officer to whom Field-Marshal Moltke has intrusted the task of writing the official history of the war with France is Colonel de Verdy du Vernoy, the descendant of a French family exiled after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

A movement is now on foot among the leading theatrical managers of Germany to induce Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, and other theatrical stars of the United States, to visit Germany, and give performances at the prominent theatres of that country.

Intoxication is punished in Russia in an original manner. The guilty parties have to do one day's street-sweeping to expiate the offence. Frequently noblemen are thus seen, broom in hand, in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The French apply all sorts of nicknames to President Thiers. "Sérénissime," "Sa Sérénité," "Sa Servilité," "Sa Sènilité," are the most common of them. The people call him, irreverently, "Old Specs."

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gifted of the young German dramatists, has finished a new tragedy, entitled, "Gracchus, the Tribune of the People," which will be performed this autumn in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and Vienna.

The population of Russia is upward of 90,000,000, as follows: Russia proper, 52,000,000; Poland (including the Polish provinces), 16,000,000; Finland, 1,800,000; Siberia and the Caucasus, 10,000,000; Toorkistan, upward of 1,000,000.

President Thiers has but an imperfect knowledge of the English language. He employs two clerks who translate every morning to him the most important articles from the English, German, and Italian press.

There is in Auber's will a legacy of five thousand francs a year for the best French comic opera. The composer is to receive three thousand, and the author of the *libretto* two thousand.

Clément Duvernois, Emile de Girardin's favorite pupil, is now editor-in-chief of the new imperialist organ in Paris, for which seventeen wealthy Bonapartists have subscribed half a million francs.

The leading German critics say that Colonel Wingmann's recently-published English translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," is the best English translation of a standard German tragedy which has appeared for many years.

Littre, the distinguished French philosopher, who was formerly an ardent advocate of the doctrines of Auguste Comte, repudiates them in the last number of the *Revue de Philosophie positive*.

The Moscow *Gazette*, Katkoff's influential old Russian organ, strongly disapproves of the visit of the Grand-duke Alexis to the United States.

M. Blanc, formerly lessee of the gaming establishment at Homburg, and afterward at Monaco, recently died at that place, leaving a fortune of thirty-five million francs.

The ex-Empress Eugénie, upon her arrival in Madrid, was very coldly received. She wore a very plain travelling-suit, and not a single article of jewelry.

Russia has now three hundred and twenty-four periodicals, most of which are published at St. Petersburg. Only twenty-seven of them are published in Moscow.

Among the dishonest French army-contractors were two women, one of whom had a large contract for furnishing chassepots to the French infantry.

Paris consumed, during the siege, 29,343 horses, for which the public treasury paid 28,180,343 francs.

The frauds committed by French army-contractors, during the recent war, amount to upward of ninety million francs.

Two German *assassins* have been imprisoned in Naples for purloining valuable articles from the Pompeian Museum.

The French Minister of the Interior spent 115,140,119 francs in order to provision Paris on the approach of the German troops.

Mme. Battazzi is in Paris, trying to find a publisher for her new work, "Les Mystères du Second Empire."

Varieties.

IN Hungary, at present, there are published in the Magyar language sixteen dailies, one hundred and six weeklies, and fifty-three monthlies, having about one hundred and thirty-seven thousand subscribers; in the German, fifteen dailies, sixty weeklies, and eight monthlies, having about ninety-eight thousand subscribers; in the Slavonic, two dailies, thirty-one weeklies, and fifteen monthlies, having about thirty-one thousand subscribers; in the Wallachian, eleven different newspapers, having eight thousand subscribers; and in Italian, three newspapers, having about two thousand subscribers. The number of journalists on these papers is five hundred and thirty-four.

A Roman editor, instead of challenging the man who slapped his face, called a committee of gentlemen, and laid the case before them. They decided that the assault was an offence against society, and thereupon the assaulted editor proceeded to prosecute for assault and battery in the interest of morality.

A full-bearded young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner-table his little granddaughter noticed it, "gazed with wondering eye," and finally ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on!"

Probably no singer, since Jenny Lind, has gained so high a place in the esteem of the American public as that now held by Parepa-Roa. She not only has a voice of matchless purity and power, but she is a thorough and most admirable artist.

Princess Alice, of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of Queen Victoria, publishes a novel in a Hessian periodical. It is written in the German language, and is entitled "Ways of Life." It depicts scenes of social life in the higher classes of Southern Germany.

Mrs. Stowe says, that "motherhood, to the woman who has lived only to be petted, and to be herself the centre of all things, is a virtual dethronement. Something weaker, fairer, more delicate than herself comes—something for her to serve and to care for more than herself."

The San Francisco *Alta California* says that the crime of jerking the hair out of your wife's head is not so sinful as it formerly was. It is just as ungentlemanly as ever, but it doesn't hurt as it used to.

A Western journal asks, "Whence come the fleas?" and another replies that it does not care a nickel, but would like to know where in thunder they go to when you go for them.

Miss King, who has tasted tea in every part of China, says, Americans will never get the best tea until they are willing to bid as high for it as the Russians, who now monopolize the finest growths.

The Platte River has produced the latest monster. It is in shape like a man, hairy and spotted, with moss in place of hair on the head, and it dives when approached.

Garibaldi is pained at the present condition of France, and contemptuously speaks of Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and Jules Favre, as old and worn out—gone to seed, as it were.

An eccentric clergyman lately said, in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that a man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat."

A druggist in New Hampshire threatens the local paper with a suit for putting an "i" in place of an "a" in his advertisement of grape-pills.

In the course of an Illinois discussion, a man is said to have "had a ravine built in the back of his head with a pop-bottle."

A new style of fan has just appeared, made of satin and lace, which, when opened, is in the shape of a butterfly.

A new hearse in Indianapolis is claimed to be "airy and attractive."

A sign, in New York, reads as follows: "Ales, wines, liquors, and cigars, on draught."

The Commune burned down one of Nilsen's houses in Paris.

An Indiana lady recently applied for two divorces the same day.

The Museum.

The Warbling Vireo.

IN the very hottest days of summer, when all the other birds of song seek the shady brook-sides and the dark recesses of the largest trees, this flycatcher seems merriest, and warbles his pretty, cheery song loudest and oftenest. When even his near relatives, the summer-loving, yellow-throated vireos, have been driven to shelter from the fierce rays of the sun, content to curb their curiosity in the doings of men and things until a cooler season, and his red-eyed and white-eyed cousins are hidden, panting, open mouthed, in their favorite tangles of swamp-growth, the warbling vireo seems totally unconscious that it is warmer than usual. Food is, probably, very plenty on these very hot days, as caterpillars are rapidly developed in such weather. The manner of capturing their food, common to all this family, is so peculiar that it may form a worthy subject for illustrating the wonderful completeness and fitness in the provisions of Nature. In the air, the insect tribes are a prey to the swallows and many species of true flycatchers, who take them while on the wing. On the ground the thrushes, the larks, the snipes, and the sparrows, assail them; on tree-trunks, branches, and the upper sides of the leaves, the warblers and a host of others pursue them; while, in the interstices of the bark, the nuthatches, woodpeckers, and the tit family, make them and their larvae an easy prey. It is reserved for especial duty to the vireos to seek them on the under sides of the leaves and slender branches, where they are hidden from the view of other birds. The necessity for looking up with one eye, gives them a quaint way of moving with little side-long flights and hoppings from place to place in the tree, as they turn their heads on one side in inquisitive search for savory morsels of destroyers, who think themselves safe from harm. When a caterpillar is found, a dire fate overtakes him, for he is "yanked" from his hold in a moment, quickly jammed against a branch in a way to render him incapable of much squirming, and either devoured at leisure, or carried off to the young brood of his captor. In common with the wrens, and perhaps some other species, these fellows have a capital way of carrying food. They thrust the point of the upper mandible in and out through the poor worms, very much in the manner that a skillful woman puts a pin in a piece of cloth which she wishes to be firmly held. Thus the song can be sung, the call-note made, or even a second insect caught, while the first hangs secure from the mouth.

These birds build beautiful hanging nests, like the orioles, although, of course, inferior to them in size. The convenient fork of some horizontal branch, between ten and twenty feet from the ground, is chosen, usually in a hickory, a beech, or a cherry tree, and the nest is built with marvellous rapidity, considering the beauty of the workmanship. The material is mainly fine, flexible grasses, which are filled in with the cottony plumes of swamp-willow, catkins, and balsams. Tree-lichens are sown

on the outside, and bits of newspapers, very often large enough to contain entire words, ludicrously appropriate or inappropriate to the subject of birds'-nests. One of our ornithologists proposed the name of the "Politician" for the species on account of this idiosyncrasy. The lining of the nest is made of grasses, twined from the bottom toward the top very regularly. The eggs are four, of a pink tint, and are dotted thinly with brown at the great end.

It is a matter of some surprise that this bird, so familiar in his deportment, so noisy and so fond of the society of man, should be so little known as he is to most of us. Before the English sparrows began their insolent rule, each of the New York parks and squares was tenanted by several pairs of these birds every summer. There they did precisely as they do in the woods, excepting, probably, the extra lookout for cats, which they were compelled to keep in the cat-haunted city. As everybody must take pleasure in making acquaintance with them, we give the following description: They form a connecting link between the genus *Muscicapa*



The Warbling Vireo.

and the genus *Sylvia*, and partake of the external form of each. The bill is narrower than that of the true flycatchers, but is notched at the point like theirs, and is elongate and sharp, like that of the warblers. The legs are strong, resembling the latter, and short like those of the former species; the body is more muscular and somewhat heavier than that of either. They also seem to be allied to the orioles in the building of pendent nests, and by their loud and musical voices, while their habits partake of the distinguishing traits of all three. The male is about five and a half inches long and eight in extent. The female is a trifle smaller, but other differences are not perceivable. Upper mandible, dull lead-color; under, flesh color, tinged with blue near the point; eyes dark hazel; line over the eye and whole lower parts white, tinged on the sides and under part of the wings with yellow; upper parts, light olive-green, inclining to ash-color on the head; wings dark brown, each feather edged with olive-gray; tail, which is forked, dark brown, it is also edged with gray; legs and feet bluish lead-color.

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